Surf Lines

Wayfarer

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"Before the dawn, obscured from sight,
The restless sea awaited light
And turn of tides."

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Ecce † Signum

Surf Lines

that Mark where Waves of Thought
Formed Crest and Broke
upon the Shore
of a

Wayfarer's

Mind

All matter is but surf lines, blown.

The Knickerbocker Press

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Diastole

Before the dawn, obscured from sight
The restless sea awaited light
  And turn of tides, that endless roll
  Against earth's shores, from pole to pole.
  When lo! a glow and golden gleam
  From orient o'er the sea did stream;
  A freshening breeze the mists dispelled
  As toward the shore the waters swelled,
And light of day had vanquished night.

Along the beach now might be traced—
By countless lines yet uneffaced—
  The course of waves to sight defined
  By great and small they left behind.
  From driftwood, the débris did range
  To fragments curious and strange—
  Fit emblems all of what we find
  Lodged here and there within the mind
When quest is by clear view replaced.

Systole

As Surf Lines I began to sketch,
Lo! myriad lines in endless stretch
  Bewildered sight and tempted on,
  Each craving place ere I was done.
  Reality to reach, none needs
  To mark where every wave recedes.
  Reality 's the core of things
  Of which the surf forever sings.
Sufficient 't is some lines to etch.

Surf is the outer show alone
Proclaiming Motion's Presence—known
  As Mind, or God, or just as Love.
  Reflecting Love, as all above,
  So shall our souls be saved from strife—
  Our neighbor blest be by our life.
  No public service we can do
  Speeds on the Good like living true.

* * *

All Matter is but surf lines blown!

"My aspiration mounts
With yearning toward some philosophic song
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life."

Surf Lines

I

The time is out of joint! O spite!
That ever I was moved to write!
With Church, pure reason 's in disgrace,
Mere understanding seeks her place.
The higher critic has no doubt
'T is time antiquity to flout.
The priest who 'd win the layman's thanks
Must fight in the agnostic ranks,
Where blindness proves old days were night!

2

Now gloating o'er "Mistakes *of* Moses,"
Men boldly follow their own noses.
Mistakes *about* Moses int'rest few—
Few care to seek what Moses knew.
With thought's vast world turned upside down,
Thought "*radical*," becomes thought's crown!
To hostile eyes Religion's roots
Discredit all Religion's fruits.
That Moses had sense no one supposes!

3

The world is making progress now,
No one cares where—but anyhow!
All progress toward Religion's aim
Is out of favor—takes the blame.
If men can go a million ways,
They joy in their confusion's daze.
To move without a common end
Is modern plan the world to mend.
Dissension makes a lovely row!

4

Authority is now below par,
" Do as you please, " man's guiding star.
Then make all others please you, too;
Just force on them your point of view.
If child go wrong, let him alone;
'T is parent's fault, " Ethics " has shown.
No child e'er needs reform, of course,
But toward parent may use force,
And constant keep home-life ajar.

5

Ethics, as taught in Sunday School,
Is based upon the Golden Rule
That you should unto others do
As you would have them do to you.
What 's taught now under Ethics' name
Shows how we are to shift the blame
When we ourselves hap to go wrong,—
Responsibility pass along!
With ethics now ourselves we fool.

6

Pure ethics turns on one word, Ought;
But what " I ought " by few is sought.
The conjugation used each day
Is, thou, he, she and you and they.
The scheme 's to work the other man,
And get from him all that one can.
If " You Ought," he throws back at us,
We need but make an ugly fuss
And leave him in his own toils caught.

7

Both priest and lawyer who advise
A course of conduct just and wise,
Are quickly shown they 're doing harm
To law's respect and Church's charm.
Pelf does not ask what 's right to do,
But wants things fixed 'twixt me and you.
It counts as lost each hateful day
In which it fails to have its way;
It only wants the method nice.

8

Society supplants the Church;
Out of the swim, you 're in the lurch.
'T was goodness, standing gave of old,
Now standing 's fixed by bags of gold;
And fashion has so set the pace
That thousands perish in the race.
The common-wealth is not the goal
For which the statesman stakes his soul,
Time-serving casts o'er all its smirch.

9

The country's wealth is a fixed fact.
Let country's laws, forsooth, enact
  How thousands (or a single one!)
  May own what is produced by Sun.
  The wealth is here, whose'er it is,
  Law minds not men but business.
  If millions have no chance, O Joy!
  Some Crœsus may give them employ,
Though soul and body should be racked.

10

The man who fills his pocket fast,
Now claims to make his country last.
  (By last, of course, he means endure—
  In history's light this is not sure!)
  Ten men may make our average show
  Far greater wealth than all lands know.
  A tramp may on "our" riches stand
  As one in such thrice-favored land.
How sophistry a spell doth cast!

11

The Common-wealth, Wealth little heeds—
Wealth has enough to meet its needs.
  Just government consults the poor,
  Doth punish crime, drive wolf from door.
  Peru gave State, helped private work,
  Permitting none fit toil to shirk.
  The poor, light-hearted, are content
  When they can pay for food and rent.
Despair breeds mobs and hideous deeds.

12

Oft those in actual life who fail,
Console themselves with notion stale,
That worth of thought they hide within
Which, if but known, for them would win
Respect of all superior souls.
Deluded thus, they miss the goals
Which else they really might reach.
One lesson plainly life doth teach:
Apart from deeds no thoughts avail.

13

Man 's but the series of his acts,
Nor envy can deny the facts
When by high deeds, high place is won.
To ascribe low motives to what 's done
Is envy's course toward men above.
Vain effort! There 's no power but love
Can fortune's favors equalize.
Love bids us dif'rences recognize;
Love widens life; hate life contracts.

14

Some men, who wealth accumulate,
Are patriots now. In a just State,
That drew the line where one and all
Excess of wealth their own could call;
Who chose to work beyond that mark
To common-wealth would have to hark.
Assyrian kings monop'ly did hold
O'er all men made or bought or sold.
Isaiah foretold that empire's fate.

15

Some will no creed but "Harmony"
And "Peace, good will 'mong men" to see.
Religion, marriage, public laws,
They find, however, full of flaws.
Should their good will to self inspire
The wish to play with lawless fire,
They 'll trample on ideals great,
On which are founded home and State,
And mock at faith and decency.

16

The difference 'tween man and beast,
In things held worth, grows less and least.
Now, man but reasons and he thinks
In riddles that outvie the Sphinx.
From test of truth by how it works,
Self-willed and reckless grown, he shirks,
"Of conscience, duty, let 's naught hear,
Life's problems let us drown in beer—
Strike up the dance, on with the feast!"

17

Our senses only tell us What,
To Whence? and How? they answer not.
Sense prompts to thought, but tempts us thence,
Benumbing mind to evidence.
Vain pleasure's cup is oft adored
More than the Cup of our dear Lord;
The prodigal's husks, more than the Bread
Bestowed by Holy Church's Head.
Release from care 's in revel sought.

18

Life 's perfect when a man feels good,
It 's empty in another mood.
  True! effort all life better makes,
  But think the trouble that it takes!
  The thoughtless way the millions go
  Is good enough for some we know.
  They calculate that in the lump
  They 'll lighter feel the final bump!
(All know this who in crowds have stood.)

19

" To know the doctrine, lead the life,"
Was Jesus' " Way " to settle strife.
  Few care now, how a man may walk,
  We 're interested more in talk.
  Would that these " Surf Lines," traced in ink,
  Might faithful " walkers " help to think
  Enough to keep their footing fast,
  While facing each vehement blast
Of doubt with which the air is rife.

20

Recall how very intricate
Deep thought must be to average pate.
  What at first sight he can't see through
  He knocks out with a flying blow.
  The greatest thoughts of greatest minds
  With scorn he scatters to the winds.
  Deciding what no man can know,
  He puts himself in posture low,
On Doubt with gusto to dilate.

21

Like hungry man who 'll not lift hand
His bread to take, should we demand
  Of life and death, the mystery,
  Without deep thinking, clear to see?
  In such a case hunger is not,
  Or satisfaction would be sought.
  Inaction here would be absurd
  Ere we had gained or creed or curd,
By sort of effort wisely planned.

22

What man will not, he cannot know;
If set 'gainst Yes, he 'll will but No;
  Forever pleased just to rehearse
  His ignorance of the universe.
  Poor fly! Combating all the world,
  To his own ruin he is hurled.
  De-struction grown his happiness
  He wants no more, will take no less,
While passive he just waits below.

23

Whoever really starts to think
Soon finds himself upon the brink
  Of understanding's wrestling ground,
  Where dialectic's toils abound.
  In peril here of mental fog,
  And slippery footing in thought's bog,
  Naught can to light and safety bring
  But swift recourse to Reason's wing
To bear him o'er before he sink.

24

A man of understanding 's good;
But be it clearly understood,
That what " stands under " is not all
That within scope of mind doth fall.
Mind can't stop short with what eye sees,
It transcends matter with ideas.
Material forms serve obvious ends
Each one of which on mind depends,
None tracing birth to matter crude.

25

Who reads these lines, soon will have found
Much that 's on understanding's ground—
The ground of dialectic skill
That all reverses at its will.
The Bible says not, " Let 's explain,"
But " Let us reason "; for 't is plain
That but in Reason man's power lies
To rise from earth and reach the skies.
Reason itself doth not confound.

26

'T is Dialectic's twist and crook
That make it hard to read a book.
Whate'er is writ, e'en though most fit,
At once suggests its opposite.
He who a book's thought would command,
Must first read just to understand;
The second time he glances through,
He 's qualified t' express his view.
Book's heart 's not won by casual look.

27

By reason or unreason, man
Inevitably lives. None can,
  But 'tween the two, or ever find
  A choice of action for his mind.
  By reason all is unified;
  Unreason order e'er denied.
  All art and ethics rest on grounds
  Of reason, which for aye confounds
Unreason's gropings, void of plan.

28

Reason and conscience-guided will
O'er sense and feeling are rated, still.
  Opinion floats in the unknown;
  Sound logic only holds the throne.
  Skilled reason views an ordered world;
  Opinion is in chaos whirled.
  Oft understanding ends in doubt,
  'T is reason points the sole way out,
And thus doth life with meaning fill.

29

Not algebra is more abstract
To unused mind, yet all is fact.
  To follow Reason thus is hard;
  She wins, not less, but more regard
  Because she solid builds so high
  Beyond the reach of common eye.
  Yet all her powers we find innate
  Within e'en minds outside the gate
That leads to realms of thought exact.

30

Who ever thought a " possible,"
Thought an abstraction, just " thought-full."
It was an empty Notion, sheer,
Wherein no substance did appear.
Who would explain the world of sense,
Yet banish metaphysic thence,
Himself involves in theories
Abstract as any he decries—
Abstractions of ne-science, null.

31

Each science must come to a place
Where understanding cannot trace
A further step. Here, it assumes
Whate'er it needs, and then presumes,
Just where pure reason 'gins to act,
To call " Irrational " the fact
Of " Quantity " with which it deals.
It, seemingly, nor knows nor feels
What thus it does to save its face!

32

For just where understanding ends,
'T is reason, not unreason, blends
With observation; whence arise
The thoughts that lift man to the skies;
While understanding waits on ground
That common to the beast is found—
The ground, that is, of " common sense."
'T is reason, pure, gives evidence
Of what religion, pure, defends.

33

Agnosticism holds this creed:—
There 's naught beyond our sight to heed.
We know we 're born, we know we die,
But none can ever tell us why.
To work or play, while we have breath,
Must fill the gap 'tween birth and death.
To accept e'en life's inanities,
Rather than 'mid infinities
To run amuck, wins wisdom's meed! "

34

True Gnostics humbly seek, to find;
Th' Agnostic 's sure he knows his mind!
The Gnostic feels *emotion* high,
Agnostics know but *motion* dry.
The Gnostic knows God should be sought,
Agnostics know God likely 's not.
The two agree they something know,
Agnostics know what is n't so.
The one tastes fruit, the other, rind.

35

When man opines he cannot know
That anything is really " so,"
He 's caught in understandings' toils,
And all misunderstanding's broils.
We 're free to drift on thus " below,"
But why feel proud that we don't know,
Since reason is at hand to teach
How we may grasp what 's beyond reach?
There 's naught that reason cannot show!

36

To start each generation right,
It must begin close to the height
  Of all attained by its forbears,
  With many toils and many cares.
  Else man through many a long age
  Had but retrod thought's earliest stage.
  Whate'er is latent in mankind
  By education 's brought to mind
As starting point for higher flight.

37

The records of philosophy
Show steady progress, lasting, free.
  One school another would refute,
  Yet none another can confute.
  Each takes its course to reach its goal,
  Philosophy includes the whole.
  Through conflict of polarities
  Philosophy mounts to the skies.
All serve, e'en when they disagree!

38

Philosophy leads us to know
And see in things mere outer show.
  They, changing hourly, clearly bid
  Us look for Being inward hid.
  Existence presents but the outside
  Of Essence that within doth bide.
  Appearance, though, is no defect,
  Since, through it, Being we detect,
And thus in grasp of truth may grow.

39

Most men are sure that all is real
In what we see or touch or feel.
  Before this Real, each hour doth show,
  Man's body is as weak as tow.
  This Real, though solid it may seem,
  Thought proves is fleeting as a dream.
  Mind 's found great truths in dreams of night
  And untruths great in dreams of light;
That " matter " 's naught, thought doth reveal.

40

God's world, as pictured to our eyes,
H. Spencer cut up jig-saw-wise.
  Like-shape and size in graded row
  He thought must show how all did grow;
  Yet, nearest thing to man 's the ant—
  They came by different lines all grant.
  What he made out was not the Thing
  That lives and soars on hidden wing—
Man's life transcends what meets his eyes.

41

Our eye makes all the light we see;
Wherever dark appears to be,
  Darkness but shows that something 's nigh,
  Too dense to penetrate with eye.
  With glass we may light magnify
  'Til light 's too coarse to let us spy.
  Each sense such limits doth disclose,
  That bound all man through senses knows.
Not sense, but reason, sets thought free.

42

The mind of man conceives his world
As through th' abyss of space 't is hurled
What each man thinks, to him is true,
'T is so with me, and so with you.
The wise man only doth agree
To what men, plainly, all might see.
Might all men think twice two make four,
The wise man questions that no more—
Thus wisdom's standard is unfurled.

43

Man's high distinction lies in thought,
Thought orders all from God to naught.
Thought takes her start from things of sense,
To rise on reason's evidence.
Unless we snap the sensuous chain,
Thought spreads her wings for flight, in vain.
Once fetter thought the very least
And man can sink below the beast,
Which may " just know " what man 's long sought!

44

The rise of thought from things of sense,
Its leap to plane of super-sense;
Thought's passage to the infinite,
Out from the realm of things finite—
Thus snapping chains of sense as naught—
All this is thought, and naught but thought.
Who says this step thought may not take,
Would thus an end of thinking make—
Beasts lack religion's evidence.

45

No beast can men of science ape
In knowledge vast, that sets agape;
  But as to God and soul, beasts' view
  Is high as that of learnéd few.
  Proverbial 't is, extremes do meet,
  And modern science achieves this feat.
  He surely shows thought most profound
  Who burrows, mole-like, underground,
While simple souls thought's skies still scrape!

46

From animal to man, we see
Man rise but when, as thinker, he
  Thinks God and soul, immortal, free,
  'Neath law, that safeguards liberty.
  Such thoughts no beast can ever have—
  It goes as beast from birth to grave.
  But babes may feel what reason knows
  Though in man's thought it slowly grows—
Man's sonship with the Deity.

47

Some insects live that counterfeit
The shape of twigs whereon they sit.
  They have evolved that strange disguise
  To hide themselves from hungry eyes.
  'T is but their flight that doth reveal
  The conscious life that they conceal.
  Can matter's laws the source disclose
  Of Mind such wondrous cunning shows?
Such miracles surpass man's wit!

48

Materialists profess to observe,
Record exactly, and preserve
  Just what in matter they may find;
  But, observation rousing mind,
  A metaphysic they create,
  Confused by contradictions great.
  What they opine of How? and Whence?
  Misunderstanding makes more dense;
Hence their opinions constant swerve.

49

Hear Spencer's test of truth in full:
" Its opposite 's unthinkable."
  Shall mindless matter mind evolve
  To evaporate at each revolve
  Of matter's shell, in constant flux,
  That ne'er to aught that lasts conducts?
  Does that to common sense appeal
  As it could source of mind reveal—
Can reason think that reasonable?

50

Black Topsy seed of science sowed;
" She was not born, she only growed."
  Thus, evolution, all call "so,"
  Of involution, few will know.
  But logic shows there 's naught evolved
  Without, perforce, something 's involved.
  All that 's evolved but outward shows
  How involution onward goes.
All is involved by " Word " of God.

51

Perpetual motion idiots seek,
And their inventions all prove weak;
  But, stretch their thought up to the skies,
  And science bids their dream arise!
  Why then should science idiots scorn,
  In whom the selfsame thought is born?
  (If wetness mark the entire sea,
  Why should it not in each drop be?)
Of motion's Mover, mind doth speak.

52

Some Mover, as subject, mind must find,
From whom to abstract, within our mind,
  The thought of motion, as predicate
  And attribute of Someone great.
  To make the world-clock constant go,
  Someone must wind the spring, we know.
  Thus evolution demands an Evolver!
  Perpetual motion is no solver
Of motion's problems of any kind.

53

A row of rogues will each point thumb
At other, to show where blame should come.
  Science views worlds like children's blocks,
  Each moves because another knocks.
  Who sets worlds up, wills them to fall,
  Our science can't discuss at all.
  The mites in cheese may find a plate—
  But on a cow can't speculate.
Who can't say " God," may be born dumb!

54

In things mind builds by motion's " laws,"
The conscious mind may motion cause
  In such wise, that things seem self-moved
  If outward source to sight 's not proved.
  No motion can show traits of mind
  Unless mind, somewhere, is behind.
  All mind is cause, is positive;
  Effect, mud, matter, negative.
Right use of words, right thinking shows.

55

All gravity is negative,
Mere absence of a positive.
  If glass is *dashed* upon the floor,
  There 's gravity plus something more.
  Whene'er an object fails to sink
  Tow'rd nadir, we're compelled to think
  It free from force of vortex-whirl
  (Which doth inert things " downward " hurl),
Because of something that doth live!

56

Lo! gravitation men suspend
In lifting hand to shake with friend.
  Will masters gravitation where
  Man wills to lift or move a chair.
  The thought of motion is abstract—
  Some Mover's attribute or act.
  Man's work is clear, in terms of mind,
  The same of God's work, thought doth find.
In God alone thought finds an end.

57

Who flies the sky 's on solid ground
Compared with what 's in matter found.
What latest science here reveals
Is whirling vortex 'neath our heels.
Who shrinks from all that this implies
Should not presume to philosophize,
To " whence " and " why " should shut his mind,
And eat and drink and just be kind—
A plane of life not high, but sound.

58

Hear now plain Understanding's (?) creed:
In the beginning did proceed
A lot of electrons, bound to make
A Universe. Now it did take
One hundred thousand to make an atom
(By estimate have we got at 'em).
One trillion atoms per grain of dust
Then formed the dust, in which we trust—
To which we turn in mortal need.

59

Soon gravity and wind were there,
And with this dust it thus did fare:
Whole lots caught on, formed nebula!
The wind did blow and then—tra la!
They round and round were briskly whirled,
And from each whirl there grew a world.
Since moving dust involved much *friction*
(Here science fears no contradiction),
We next scent *mind-stuff* in the air.

60

Electrons devised the telegraph,
Geometry, the phonograph.
They worked it by a simple plan,
Made atoms first, then mind-stuff, man.
When man was made, the trick was done:
Electrons watched to see the fun,
While mind of man performed the work
From which electron's pride did shirk.
On man electrons have the laugh!

61

There 's more to tell, but why relate
Each single step to present state?
Suffice to say that with such facts,
That give to Science her shining axe,
She has cut off the hoary head
Of all Religion—left it dead
As door-nail! Now, realities
Replace all Reason's frailties,
And thought is free to divagate!

62

When Intellect invents a " law "
It hastes to secure it 'gainst a flaw.
Exceptions to each law, at end,
Force Intellect lower to descend
In search of final law of All
Among things smaller than the small.
When it has reached last decimal
It still will face the One of All
Whose Being Instinct ever saw.

63

Once everything must have some size
To pass for real to skeptic eyes.
  Then, no one could a sane man fool
  With talk of things invisible!
  In those days, all the " Schoolmen's " noise
  Was laughing stock for our schoolboys.
  All Spirit then looked far too small
  To be in Matter found at all.
'T is Matter now that 's lost all size.

64

Thus, Matter's molecules suggest
What once was held " Dark Ages " jest:
  " Ten thousand souls may stand, each whole,
  On needle's point, yet every soul
  As much space have for its own motion,
  As frog in middle of the ocean."
  Fine points in Old Theology
  Are matched in our Biology.
Man's ancient thought is thus redressed.

65

Atoms are manufactured things;
Their likeness this conclusion brings.
  Both plan and skill must first unite
  Ere pattern 's reproduced aright.
  Thus, too, in living things we find
  That pattern is renewed by mind.
  Subconscious, true, the work may be,
  But back of all 't is Mind we see.
Design from a Designer springs.

66

Designs such as our great men form,
All grant impossible to worm.
  But let God's work transcend man's wit,
  Man 's sure that Mind 's not back of it.
  Man 's now of all creation top,
  Where man's thought ends, all Thought doth stop!
  Design is real—man back of it;
  Not man's design, 't is counterfeit!
Thus, self-conceit doth Heaven storm.

67

Reduced to the absurd, clocks show
" Survival fit " mid things that go;
  Chance combinations that keep time
  " Survive " chance changes, change of clime;
  The Solar System, greatest clock,
  " Survived, " as " fit," full many a shock;
  The débris of a workman's bench
  Proves what he "made" but "survived" his wrench
And gravity of hammer blow!

68

Naught can evolve by Nature's Laws.
Environment may mould, not cause.
  A man, if he a clock would make,
  The laws of stuff must know, not break.
  No stuff can spring or wheel evolve
  And thus make hand of clock revolve.
  Material new, a man may find,
  Suggesting timepiece new, to Mind.
But naught 's evolved where Mind withdraws.

69

Now, Life 's defined as simple fact
Of tendency, at will, to act
On matter, by itself inert.
To what life 's *done*, we must revert
To gain a notion of its powers.
What life *will do*, it is not ours
To forecast; since the forms life hath,
Evolving, strewn along its path,
To some degree of choice are tracked.

70

" One trillion atoms, per grain of dust,"—
Believe this, we recall, we must.
" One hundred thousand electrons come
Within the bounds of one atom."
These make the sole reality
Disclosed by science to mind's eye!
" Man 's born to quickly pass away—
Electrons live eternally! "
In these doth science put her trust.

71

Thus science magnifies God's clothes,
But naught of Him who wears them knows.
Man will not to electrons bow,
Although they make his body now.
Electrons we 're as far above
As we 're below the God of Love.
Electrons never could give rise
To aught that not within them lies;
That man 's God-born, all reason shows.

72

The power of his electrons' mass,
Man may upon each organ pass.
Such work no miracle doth show,
But simply what a man may know.
Knowledge is power in things of wealth,
And no less so in things of health.
Mind, weights may use, to tip a scale;
Thus drugs oft act—yet often fail.
Mind only lasts, " All *flesh* is grass."

73

The living being master stands
Of body, shifting as the sands!
In body, matter comes to flower
By virtue, solely, of life's power.
The instant that the life takes wings,
The body into riot springs.
All there that life did organize,
Bereft of life, asunder flies.
How could this be, if cell commands?

74

Mind ever knows when it has clothes,
When not, the fact mind also knows.
Mind knows when it has leg or arm,
It 's harmed not when they come to harm.
With body paralyzed in bed,
We know mind knows till body 's dead.
What then mind knows, no ear can hear,
For tongue must be to speak to ear;
Though oft, in death, mind inspired glows!

75

Mere " Matter " is a thing of straw;
It shows resistance, also law.
Pinned down, Ne-science would perplex
The mind with " whirls " of mere " vortex."
Mind, too, shows Law, from whence we take
The pattern of the laws we make.
Why not, for laws of vortex, find
Same source as of our own laws—Mind!
We, making laws, explain all Law.

76

One sees a world with ravin rife,
Of contradictions full, and strife.
In matter nowhere can be found
For optimism any ground.
Science infers this world is hell,
Religion the same tale doth tell.
This standard Jesus Christ unfurled:
" My kingdom is not of this world."
All matter constant wars 'gainst life.

77

This Matter, which the laymen fear,
Is not at all to science clear.
Yet Doubt, with such an unknown thing,
Would on Religion ruin bring.
Some would in Reason find the flaw,
The wise from Matter faith withdraw.
Man walks in darkness, helpless, lone,
When Reason 's banished from her throne,
And mind as matter doth appear.

78

To vision, Matter e'er doth *fall*,
E'er passive, self-unmaking, all;
While conscious Life impulse supplies
All Matter to arrest, forms organize.
The one *diminuendo* plays,
All *world-crescendos* Life displays.
Life only makes each form arise,
For downfall, Matter's " laws " suffice.
'T is conscious Life makes rise, lets fall.

79

The more of matter science knows,
The less as entity it shows.
Self-moving now it can't appear—
Shows naught in which self can inhere.
With matter moved but from without,
Materialism is shut out.
Throughout all space no substance lies
Save God, all-present and all-wise.
This doctrine outlives all its foes.

80

Some of no greater God will tell
Than just a god within each cell.
It takes of these a pantheon
A man to make—a single one!
Such " Science " One God multiplies
To swarms of gods of tiny size.
This simple plan to make man great,
Takes gods as units, man as State—
Fit concept this, man's head to swell!

81

Much scientific talk 'bout cell
Is *pseudo* metaphysical.
That through all matter motion goes
Is primer-truth to one who knows.
Who says that matter's motion 's cause
May, by such view of " matter's laws,"
Achieve surmise of subtle wit
That flesh *evolves* the life in it!
Life's self-*involved*, doth reason tell.

82

For matter 's matter, motion 's motion,
In earth, air, fire, in man, in ocean.
From matter motion ne'er arose,
It matter moves howe'er it goes.
It matter drives like leaves in gale,
Or squeezes it 'til it turns pale!
When motion once lets go its hold—
Good-bye to matter, its tale is told!
For motion 's substance; matter 's Notion.

83

Since Matter's shell can't make its laws,
'T is Mind must stand for final Cause.
Mere " Matter " ne'er could evolve Mind
As freakish puffs of vagrant wind.
The wind itself, as Motion, goes
And comes, but whence, God only knows!
And so we 're taught in Holy Writ,
Breath is the Spirit's symbol fit.
As conscious Motion, Mind is Cause.

84

As swan that floats on placid lake
His snowy reflex seen may take
  E'en for a spirit hovering nigh,
  With curving neck and melting eye,—
  Yet in his own breast's rise and fall,
  Alone feel Breath of Life of All;
  So man, 'mid Nature's loveliness,
  May feel his inmost heart confess
His Presence Who all worlds doth make.

85

Breath makes the breast to rise and fall,
Breath swells sea waves, both great and small.
  There 's no emotion we can know
  But doth some equal motion show.
  The sea is endless in its motion,
  The soul is endless in emotion.
  Emotion-Motion bi-une flow,
  And keep the starry spheres aglow.
('T is this that music speaks to all.)

86

Dost science fear? Be of good cheer!
E'en Spencer came the truth quite near
  When he did clearly motion find
  Identified in all with mind.
  He only lacked the prefix E,
  Emotion prompting all, to see.
  When old, he said, " In beating air
  I 've spent my life! " And thus did fare
His books with this philosopher.

87

A man of purpose works by plan,
Plan through all worlds is seen by man.
With man the purpose to create
Precedes all work he doth instate.
Emotion to create must rise
Before all motion in the skies.
Man works not first, then feels inclined
To do what, after, comes to mind—
Emotion, motion 'fore, e'er ran.

88

We see in plant-development,
Unfolding of a thought-content.
Though Form expand until it burst,
The *Notion* was complete at first.
In tiniest germ *implicit* lies
What, last, *explicit* meets the eyes.
That germs hold all, like box in box,
Plain common sense completely shocks!
From Plan all things trace their descent.

89

We see man's face and " sense " his soul,
Combine the two and know him whole.
Who 's wise, thus views the universe;
From what he feels, its soul infers.
One tells us what of God he can;
Who hears, learns something—of that man!
The noble soul, God's world inspires,
While others see but flames and fires
Through wastes of space inanely roll.

90

The world is not an empty show—
" The Real is Here," by it we know.
Idealists prize matter's shell
Though form and content (they know well)
Are different more than pulp and rind.
A Presence, *shown*, is to the mind
Assurance of an inner Fact
That far off seems, in the abstract—
As one, both pulp and rind we know.

91

Matter is something that *has* shape;
What that thing is, must eye escape.
The atom, with its twofold force,
Mere working theory is, of course.
From it did science ever shirk,
Yet keeps it to perform its work.
Attraction can't be understood,
No more, Repulsion ever could.
Both, metaphysics bad, thin drape.

92

Sense feels a world so dense in all,
No chink is left where God can crawl.
God thus shut out, men us perplex,
By changing Matter to Vortex
Of motion swift, that comes and goes
(What 's moved by motion, no one knows!).
Ne-science holds Belief in naught
More rational than Faith in aught
That we, or God or Spirit, call.

93

Some think what to the senses shows,
Is all that *is*, all that one knows.
Who 's rich in that goes empty away
'Mid husks to hunger all his day.
Earth's " show " makes wise and simple feel
A Presence near, to which they kneel.
Far better 't were to adore the Sun,
Than not feel Soul and Sun at one,
When sunrise through our being glows!

94

Some men there are who idly pass
Their verdicts, positive, alas!
On all in heaven or on earth,
And self assuréd, fix its worth.
How glorious it must feel to be
So sapient, wise, superior, free!
Yet, strange to say, one never can
Find in the lot one happy man—
They all feel blue, and—feed on grass!

95

Nebuchadnezzar, king of old,
From pride, himself a god did hold;
This bearded king, with curly locks,
Was sent to graze, a common ox.
Who pins his faith to things of sense,
Ignoring reason's evidence,
Must needs on slender diet fare,—
On husks and clay and empty air.
Science for soul hath little told.

96

Like Midas doomed to feed on gold,
Proud science now grows very bold.
  Huge heaps of facts are duly stored
  Which miser science now doth hoard.
  "O Chemist great! my loved one 's dead!"
  "Ah so! Then best, the least that 's said!
  Your education 's just begun;
  The spectrum shows what 's in the sun;
In time your love will sure turn cold."

97

This world exists. Perhaps it 's true
That God' s as great as I or you.
  Expanded huge before our thought,
  Or microscopically sought,
  The question is not of God's size,
  But how we size up in His eyes?
  The world is here and we are in it,
  We can't escape from God one minute—
We may rejoice or we may rue!

98

To Carnegie, steel armored knight,
By music God is brought to light.
  Bob Ingersoll in "Shakespeare" felt
  A god 'fore whom his fancy knelt.
  In atoms alone doth Edison find
  Eternal Omnipresent Mind.
  Great specialists but seldom rise
  'Bove glints of truth that catch their eyes
From lower plane than Reason's height.

99

Huge aggregates of physic lore
May dwarf our very thinking power,
  Until the mind but weakly acts
  In passing on material facts.
  Collectors in the fine arts ne'er
  Creative artist's viewpoint share.
  The world that each man's mind supplies,
  Defines the world before his eyes;
Prejudging thus, he seeks no more.

100

A dog takes note of babe and doll,
In babe scents life not seen at all.
  The babe that sees an auto-car
  May think it moves by its own power.
  The man who sees an auto move,
  Knows, mind and will its motions prove.
  Some would trace mind to " groups " of cells
  Where crowned Impermanancy dwells—
Who can such guesses, thinking call!

101

Once on a time, to reach high fruit,
Giraffes evolved a neck to suit.
  With telescope man 's swept the sky
  In hope to find God with the eye.
  Foiled there, with microscope he 's sought,
  And found, *within*, as Christ once taught,
  A place where God, concealed, doth bide.
  There Huxley saw HIS HAND divide
And mould the cells, creation's root!

102

All creatures that in cell do dwell
Two things do share, we now know well—
  Material forms and consciousness,
  Or inner self and outer dress.
  They feed, which shows their bodies fade
  And every minute are remade.
  Each self survives this change of dress
  Without a change in consciousness.
(Of man a different tale some tell!)

103

The teeming life in cell doth show
Life conscious moving to and fro,
  Aye swaying matter at its will—
  Through Matter's flow abiding still.
  In all the motion and the strife
  What constant stays is just the life.
  Here matter a soft mesh appears,
  Which conscious Life employs, not fears.
Life, weaving, makes the shuttle go!

104

To conscious lives in cell of plant
The microscope doth morals grant;
  Here appetite, there self-control,—
  E'en altruism plays a rôle!
  That thought 's transferred from mind to mind,
  In man, beast, bird, and fish, we find.
  World-Consciousness specked o'er with Matter
  Grows clear to thought, despite all chatter
And dense materialistic cant!

105

Binot and Bichet own these facts,
But fact on each unlike reacts;
One sees in Conscious Life all Cause,
The other, naught but Matter's " laws."
In body's changes now is sought
Escape from thought of what man Ought.
" In seven years' (or sev'n months?) time
Man's change of body wipes out crime! "
Psychol'gy morals thus attacks.

106

Atomic aggregate called John
Once complex heart of maiden won.
Their op'site polarities to wed,
A psychologic priest thus said;—
" As consciousness doth well up now,
Wilt thou, John, unto Mary vow
To be forever kind and true
While present self remaineth you? "
Gray matter moving " Yes "—'t was done!

107

That ballet dancer stands on toe
All may apprise from passing show.
That men of science stand on head
And brain-congestion never dread—
Nay, strong protest and even frown,
At what stops seeing up-side down —
All this no longer doth surprise:
Man's free thus to invert his eyes
If something queered he thus may know.

108

The god in man will, if he can
Get god in cell 'neath thumb of man.
  Somewhere, man must, beyond a doubt,
  First " find God in " to " find Him out."
  " Once found, we 'll quickly end the strife
  O'er what makes consciousness and life! "
  (When big, has conquered little brother,
  He yet may have to deal with Father!
God much may with derision scan!)

109

Prostrate before the wondrous cell,
Some wait for it its will to tell,
  Assured that, if its plans we know,
  'T is settled which way we shall go.
  Toward soul or cell, what way we tread,
  God 's found within and overhead.
  Let such as will, change His great Name,
  And call Him Cell, His power 's the same—
In touch with Him all creatures dwell.

110

Who serves the cell may serve the devil
(The prison cell confines the evil).
  The Self of will is very small;
  The Self of soul is One with All.
  Germ-life in cells, disintegrates,
  The whole alone, form reinstates,
  All good in cell comes from above;
  All good to self proceeds from love.
Aloof from God, souls hold brief revel!

111

Through cells proceed the body's ills,
That, if unchecked, the body kills.
'Twixt selfish cell and body's soul
We see the strife 'twixt part and whole.
This shows in Body Politic,
Where faction makes a nation sick.
With anarchs unconfined in cell,
No government is truly well.
'T is order Heaven's first law fulfils.

112

A doctor, reasoning from the cell,
Takes means to make his patient well.
A priest, thus reasoning from the soul,
Knows means to make the spirit whole.
Disease of body quickly makes
A man put faith in what he takes.
But if at heart he feel dis-ease
He 'll take or naught, or what he please—
Of faith or God he 'll hear none tell.

113

For mind diseased no help at all
From chemist's potions art can call.
But " heal " and " holy " are one word
And thus were spoken by our Lord.
For health of body all men seek,
Of holiness some shame to speak.
Not that the thought they would disdain—
They deem a life upon that plane
Unnatural, constrained, and small.

114

True men of science know full well
They do but handle matter's shell.
Some hold that what is back of all
Is only something mean and small.
Religion, back of man or clod,
Perceives an Absolute, called God.
Great theories include the small,
The small can't grasp the great at all.
Cells ne'er made Man, God mould's the cell!

115

God's pressure on each cell within
(Great Judge of virtue or of sin!)
Assures, each hour, the fitting meed
For each hour's good or evil deed.
Religion calls this "Providence"
(On man's age-long experience
The doctrine 's based). We have His Word;
"All 's good to them who love the Lord."
Good men, through trials, great good win.

116

'T is joy, or terror, thus to dwell
With God within both mind and cell!
The Sun that helps good things to grow,
Makes rotten things more quickly go.
The Son of God who healing brings
To all who turn from evil things,
Sits in each soul on judgment throne,
Hearts good, confessing as his own,
Hearts evil, pitying in their hell.

117

I set my brain aglow with wine;
That brain 's not me, that brain is mine.
The brain shows no sufficient cause
For human reason, human laws.
Materialists hold bedlam-views
When they give matter power to choose.
'T is Mind creates, Mind runs the train,
Or engines, cars, were all in vain.
Brain is but matter, mind 's divine!

118

Doth ether suspend sensitiveness—
Not mind but body feels helplessness.
Dull sense with nitrous oxide gas,
And thoughts sublime arise and pass
Through mind and vivid are retained
When waking consciousness's regained.
Sad! gas no one made Spencer take!
He 'd have avoided his mistake
Of thinking gas could thought suppress.

119

'T is I (not nose) who scent a rose
Though in my nose that sense repose.
I better think when I 'm well clad
Than when by cold I 'm driven mad.
To work in matter, mind needs tools
(That tools can't work is known to fools!).
Preposterous views may fascinate,
But Reason, they disintegrate—
Sheer paradox, much science shows!

120

Naught science sees but properties
With None to Whom aught proper is.
  Impersonal and quite improper
  Is all grist ground in science's hopper.
  She grinds life's seeds till they are dead,
  And then insists naught real has fled.
  She holds of world; "Mind did n't begin it,
  For mind is but phenomen'ly in it,
As horologeity in time-piece lies."

121

Man talks or laughs, sheds tears or sighs,
Each act a state of mind implies.
  When "body acts upon the mind,"
  'T was mind that acted first, we find.
  The body is mind's instrument,
  Impaired, it may mind's work prevent.
  Who 's lost his limbs can't run a race,
  His mind, though, takes up no less space;
The ant than elephant 's more wise.

122

'T is science, not philosophy,
In mind and matter, One would see.
  Beginning thus, when it is done,
  In matter, science sees that One.
  But matter is in constant change
  Throughout the whole creation's range.
  Thought finds, as substance, only mind,
  Which can't with matter be combined.
Thought cannot pantheistic be.

123

True, Kipling's idol, "made of mud"
(That "which they call the great god Budd"),
Was all that Haeckel e'er could find
As source of human thought and mind.
'T were strange if man from ape evolved
To find him himself to mud resolved!
Such pedigree 's not held by apes
(Unless *sub specie* jackanapes!)
Did Budd kiss Haeckel "where he stood"?

124

How ever can my Why or Whence
Depend on merest accidents?
I had a bump, that bump was I
'Til something else had crossed my sky?
If man 's but what he passes through,
What constant doth the "I" renew?
I 'm that which eats, not merely food
For Matter's jaws!—that understood,
Through life, through death 's our sure defence.

125

Infinite vision lies in mind
Which doth in "matter" something find
Of finite sort, wherewith to evolve
Forms planned by mind with high resolve.
Who puts the cart before the horse
Shows things pre-posterous and worse.
The universe demands a God;
Or call Him so, or call him Clod—
The fact 's the same, save to the blind.

126

No brush can paint an unknown beast;
It must use well-known parts, at least.
The strangest thing that man can draw,
Combines some forms once someone saw.
All visions of eternity
All-Mind has seen, again shall see.
By Mind, man flies or wireless speaks,
Thus Mind performs that which it seeks.
Each spreads for heaven his own feast.

127

Whate'er we know, we know through Mind,
The rest is feeling undefined.
What our minds know, Mind always knew,
Though, ages long, 't was hid from view.
Our conscious part is not the whole
Of what 's eternal in the soul.
What circumstance has long concealed
Must surely one day be revealed;
Man needs but seek and he shall find.

128

Some mind-stuff in the nebula
Whence grew all worlds evolved thus far,
Tyndal confessed, there must have been;
" Mind-stuff, attenuated then,
As worlds condensed, has shrunk to men,
But will thin out to fog again! "
Mind finds it reasonable to hold,
As mind is now, it was of old;
Matter alone' s now fog, now star.

129

All science leads to the Unknown;
Bad reasoning there must not be shown.
Where knowledge 's weak, but feeling strong,
'T is safer guide than reason, wrong.
Wrong theories we may not feel
E'en though they harden heart to steel;
But when wrong feeling leads astray
Its consequences bar the way.
Right feeling happy makes, alone.

130

When Reason 's let to intermix
With Feeling, then the direst tricks
Are played with Judgment, to the end
That Self its conduct may defend.
Each faculty must act alone,
That proper balance may be shown.
Reason can't always take the lead,
But must weigh Feeling's every deed
Which Reason's warning contradicts.

131

My feelings are my very own,
The same, though, of the beast is known.
Man's thinking power is overhead;
That beasts share this cannot be said.
Superiority of soul
Shows feeling under thought's control.
Thus conscience, character, and will,
Than feeling, mere, are higher still.
By thinking, man's high place is shown.

132

No words express what we but feel,
Though it may make us, reverent, kneel!
When feeling form takes in a word,
Then Reason, Purpose, may be heard.
God ne'er created sea nor sun
Ere God and His own Word were One.
Can man the slightest work propose
Which to express no word he knows?
The Word doth Reason, Will, reveal.

133

Whoe'er 's read Carlyle's " Sartor " knows
That all that's visible is " Clothes."
The truth is not so often heard,
That all that 's seen is Written Word.
From grass-blade to cathedral vast,
All God or Man thus writes, at last
Resolves itself to word or letter,
Which some read worse and some read better!
A town its Word in buildings shows.

134

Lo! Egypt's old hieroglyphs
The Moslem viewed with " buts " and " ifs "
And turned away his eyes with dread—
Or tapped with finger his forehead.
To savage who sees, day by day,
A man with pen mark, mark away,
'T is one if pen write thoughts divine,
Or, peradventure, checques doth sign—
Indifferent, his pipe he whiffs!

135

Once on a time all men were free
To seek for food and sleep in tree.
  Each man was every other's foe,
  Forever guarding 'gainst a blow.
  Each man must constant venture life
  To shield his children and his wife.
  The Church was born when common sense
  United men for their defence
Against all lawless liberty.

136

The Church arose when men craved peace—
From brutal struggle sought release.
  Her priests stood firm for common good
  'Gainst selfishness, that 's hard withstood!
  No priest was fakir who made use
  Of what could stop flagrant abuse
  Of strong men's wanton lust and power
  To gratify their wills each hour;
The priest made barbarism cease.

137

Religion formed the family,
The State, and gave men liberty.
  It strives to make life orderly
  That men may dwell in harmony.
  Its discipline gives self-command,
  Without which none may safely stand.
  Though priests, as men, are often wrong,
  The Church eternal stands and strong—
Earth's bulwark against Anarchy.

138

Religion aims to train the will
To good from lawlessness and ill.
Some use it for another end;
At weddings, funerals, they send
For parson, that all things may be
Conducted with due decency.
Who has full store to clothe and feed
The body, seldom feels the need
To try to mount Religion's hill.

139

" Not know what Matter is? Why care?
Enough it is to know it 's there."
Religion, though, they 'll understand
Before they 'll even lift a hand.
" For some folk, doubtless, it is good,"
(Except themselves, be 't understood).
The hope of all humanity
They 'll drop to fight o'er Trinity,
Or anything that 's in the air.

140

Religion rests on reason, love,
Naught can its premises remove.
Its truths are taught in sensuous form—
Abstractions average souls can't warm.
Yet average men it fain would save—
By sign and symbol, light the grave!
All thoughts of man, Time hath surpassed,
Ideals felt are seen at last,
Mind can 't conceive the joys " above."

141

On reason rests religion's sway,
Then reason's call let all obey.
  Who hallows not one day in seven,
  When shall he fill his soul with heaven?
  This life is more than meat; we need
  Set times, and means, our souls to feed,
  Lest through life's school we swiftly pass
  But, at life's close to cry; Alas!
From life's true end we 've gone astray!

142

Pure Reason finds a single " I "
That governs all, or low or high.
  If this you find beyond your reach,
  Just study what logicians teach.
  A foot-rule 's short to measure field
  That many a fine crop may yield.
  It for the trouble richly pays
  To find just how this big world lays—
What orders its immensity.

143

Inconstant flesh and constant " I "
A discord make, not harmony.
  This discord is resolved by death,
  Which is involved in every breath.
  Religion seeks the human I
  To keep with God's I, lastingly.
  The human I, of God's I, part,
  A part, it lives, but dies apart—
(Or lingers on to moan and sigh?)

144

Of human ignorance now we sing;
No man can know a single thing!
To know a thing, its opposite
Must help us get the idea right.
Nor can the two the conflict mend
Before a third brings it to end.
Thus good and evil e'er must strive
That virtue may be kept alive.
The three together closely cling.

145

I, as a conscious, thinking Subject,
Myself survey as my thought's Object;
Think what I am and what I 'd be,
And hear what others think of me.
Conscious of self, self-consciously
I view myself, objectively.
One Spirit, in my duality
I am, myself, a trinity.
Thus conscious God Self must reflect.

146

Mind 's geometric, seeks the laws
That rule the finite, finds their cause.
From life infinite all life flows,
The same of consciousness, thought shows.
His mind, man with Another shares,
That Other 't is who hears our prayers.
Both God and man in unity
Of Subject-Object mind doth see
In light of logic free from flaws.

147

Self-consciousness should be adored
When it reveals, in man, the Lord.
It plainly shows men to each other
And thus explains to each his brother.
All that man has, he has from All!
This makes man great, this makes him small.
Merely to think of self the first,
Involves one's life in all that 's worst;
Such self-conceit 's to be abhorred.

148

The God we worship 's God so far
As He 's self-conscious. Less would mar
Our thought of Him in whom we are.
'T would place Him from all men afar,
And utterly destroy the Notion
Of Man, as drop, in God, as ocean.
As salt 's in drops and salt 's in sea
Self-knowledge in our God must be.
To think God less, doth reason jar.

149

With Evolution, mechanic, we 're done,
Though clergy still are " on the run."
Foe's bulwark bulked so solid, high,
It seemed e'en Heaven to defy.
The priest, o'ercome by taunt of " narrow,"
Felt matched 'gainst steel, with bow and arrow!
Thus silenced, though in mortal strife,
(His refuge, sole, the godly life)
Eclipsed for aye seemed Spirit's Sun!

150

When lo, the specialist arose
Who science tries by all that grows.
  Soon Evolution shrank, from " Cause,"
  To an Involver's apparent " laws."
  And now, too, physic science sings
  Of Conscious Life as source of things;
  And That which forming impulse gives
  To all that is, or breathes, or lives.
Once more the desert blooms like rose!

151

Creation, both in great and small,
Shows as free act, in one and all.
  All Life in Matter-worlds, we see,
  This freedom shares, in its degree.
  In Matter, which itself unmakes,
  Free Life its purpose undertakes.
  Thus Conscious Life in movement flows
  Whose inverse, Matter ever shows.
Light, light remains, though shadows fall!

152

In " Creative Evolution " 's told
What Bible and Bhagavad-Gîtâ hold;
  " *From Conscious Life alone doth spring*
    All that to thought our senses bring."
  No uni-verse lies 'fore our eyes!
  Where thought to lie, lo! intellect lies,
  Which dissects Matter, causing strife
  With Instinct, that deals straight with life.
Instinct alone doth Life's key hold.

153

Both Intellect and Instinct run
Aye parallel. Both from the One
  Life-Process spring. While Sympathy
  Marks Instinct, Intellect doth spy
  In inert matter, to supply
  Set forms and limits for mind's eye.
  What Intellect seeks, it cannot find;
  What Instinct knows, still leaves it blind—
This vital truth 's by Bergson shown.

154

Philosophy doth farther go
Than all that science e'er can know.
  'Neath Science's symbols, thought conducts
  To Matter's world, in constant flux.
  All " real " things go, below, above,
  As Conscious Life doth constant move.
  Man's consciousness this reinstates
  With God's, from Whom man emanates.
Religion man's way home doth show.

155

View happy throngs in Venice, Rome,
In ages past or yet to come.
  Each human moth itself doth feel
  Of all things seen, most surely real.
  Ghosts palpable, we feel surprise
  That we should dematerialize!
  A course of constant change we run
  What time we flicker in the Sun.
The spirit world 's man's only home.

156

All true religion is revealed,—
By God revealed and not concealed.
The revelation comes through mind
Whose source we can but in God find.
Man 's conscious, and self-conscious too,
And something 's common to these two.
Each man is Subject, Object both;
In reason, then we can't be loth
To view God so, till thought 's repealed.

157

God me, not universe, transcends,
Where He 's not immanent, all ends.
True God, as subject is in me,
As object Him I elsewhere see.
My self, as object, outside lies,
Fast bound to all that meets my eyes.
But I can only conquer sin
With help of God as me within.
With subject-object, thought 'gins and ends.

158

Pure logic, stepwise traced to end,
With theologic terms doth blend.
The Universal, truly known,
As subjectivity is shown;
Self-moving, active and all form
Imposing after its own norm.
Cognition here is seen as Will,
Creating all that sky doth fill
And all controlling in its trend.

159

Mind holds much that is termed innate,
Derived from man's subconscious state.
Subconsciously all men are one
With God the Father, through the Son.
The Son is Object to God above—
As Subject, God is known as Love.
Each man is right himself to hold
Above all empty phantoms old,
The God of Reason only 's great.

160

The mind that was in Christ, our Lord,
Must be in us, so runs His Word.
His Kingdom fair within us lies,
For it in vain we sweep the skies.
Who lives to love and serve the Whole,
He, only, peace knows in his soul.
To fight, old knights would venture far;
Christ's soldiers in their hearts wage war
With sin 'gainst which themselves they gird.

161

The Christ in Jesus mediates,
Revealing good that God creates.
Thus Christ, God's sole begotten Son,
Makes soul of man with Father One.
From God and Christ the Spirit flows
By which man God as Father knows.
The mind in Jesus knew God's Power
To uphold man in every hour
When earthly hope, fear dissipates.

162

Christ cometh not to heal the well,
Nor, after death, to save from hell.
The life we lead, from hour to hour,
Is that where He may show his power.
Who seeks not how himself should live
To him the Church can little give.
The Church 's nor club nor lecture hall,
With music free to one and all,
Where we our neighbour's sins may tell!

163

Religion man with man connects,
And this world binds unto the next.
It gives the ballast to life's bark
That helps it, steady, sail to mark,
Instead of pitching helplessly
'Tween crests and troughs in passion's sea.
Faith's compass guides our course aright,
In brightest day or darkest night,
E'er pointing true when mind 's perplexed.

164

Pure Ethics views men one by one,
Shows what to others should be done.
Where Ethics ends, Religion begins,
With selfishness as chief of sins.
Religion asks that every soul
Shall die, to live but in the Whole.
The faults of others will God repay;
His justice sleeps not, night or day.
By self-devotion, heaven 's won.

165

Religion's hardest point for man
Arises from his wont to scan
  Remotest realm in search of God,
  Who 's close at hand, not far abroad.
  Naught " beyond Nature," Reason shows,
  But One we 're in, as God, it knows.
  With eye intent on Here and Now,
  We find the One to whom to bow.
Sound logic thus forever ran.

166

Whatever Science comes across
Can only touch Religion's gloss.
  The truths of mind and soul and sin
  Science can't touch, they lie within.
  Things physical reveal their " laws "
  But never their sufficient cause.
  Mere Science oft runs simply mad,
  Through reasonings puerile, bad,
Despite all ignorant applause.

167

All Superstition (" overstand ")
Is shunned by those who 'd " understand."
  But science has to superpose
  On Matter much that no one knows.
  Sound metaphysic 's sore abused
  By theories in science used.
  The atom-theory, at last,
  Makes understanding stand aghast.
By non-sense science doth command!

168

Man's understanding e'er must deal
With finite things—things that are " real,"
  Bound to the wheel of constant change
  Throughout all observation's range.
  The finite's dialectic's ground,
  Where for each thought an opposite 's found.
  Each proposition we advance
  Starts *pros* and *cons* at but a glance—
That all 's uncertain here, we feel.

169

Mere understanding can find out
But finite principles, without
  The power a scheme to formulate
  Not self-doomed to disintegrate.
  By reason's processes alone
  Infinite principles are shown,
  As true in future as in past,
  And sure to live while mind shall last—
Sufficient reason casts out doubt.

170

That Sophists, wilful, becloud light
And love to prove that day is night,
  Is not the fact, and fails the point
  Where Sophistry is out of joint.
  We know a good tree by its *fruits,*
  The Sophist studies conduct's *roots.*
  Who cares how his wrong deed arose,
  When of poor fruit he weary grows?
He seeks *good ends* with all his might!

171

A Sophist need not error teach;
Instead, he oft great truths may preach.
His error 's in the ground he takes
When *moral ends* he quite forsakes.
Slow witted any man must be
Who can't excuse the worst we see!
Who knows the Right and such talk hears
Should ope his eyes and shut his ears,
And take himself quite out of reach.

172

When Sophists turn their backs on fruit
And fix their thought upon the root;
And when they 've studied root and ground
And for bad fruit excuse have found;
They then demand our sympathy
For such as God and man defy.
They view the sinner like a tree,
Whose bad fruit 's a necessity—
Grant man less wit to change, than brute!

173

The farmer does not muse on whence
First sprang the weeds within his fence.
He roots them up, brings them to naught
And helps his ground grow what it ought.
Where'er grain grows there tares abound,
Desired conditions ne'er are found.
Let no one sit and bemoan weeds.
Just cleanse the soul, and sow fresh seeds
Of righteousness and innocence.

174

Two authors use the jester tone,
Both earnest—Shaw and Chesterton.
The spirit of these two, when caught,
Shows one a sophist, the other not.
Shaw justifies things by their roots,
While Chesterton appeals to fruits.
One's wit doth all antagonize;
The other, men would harmonize
And make the worth of living known.

175

In Notion of Religion, Art,
The thought of badness hath no part,
Just as, it ne'er should be forgotten
To think an egg, assumes not "rotten."
Who substitutes bad attributes
For things themselves, himself refutes.
Yet this trick forms the common stock
Of "brilliant minds" who reverence shock.
Such mind 's more fit to push a cart!

176

A noxious plant is shunned by beast,
Nor form nor color tempt the least.
But men are often taken in
By wit or learning veiling sin.
Great gifts of mind may but disguise
The most destructive sophistries.
The simplest soul that 's true to Right
Is better comrade, day and night,
Than clever minds that Good resist.

177

Each true man has before his eyes
Some Notion wherein no blemish lies.
He holds it with persistent will
Some day that Notion to fulfil.
The Notions that have made man great
Are God and Heaven, Home and State,
Learning and Art. As these thoughts rise,
Not words but deeds are his replies.
Who talks, not tries, his thought denies.

178

Logic and morals thinkers find,
Not given, but the work of mind.
So, back of all the Church's creed,
Is truth of thought to meet man's need.
In earliest times man clearly saw,
Not force, but reason, gives the law.
Not private ends, but public weal,
Dictates the laws men truly feel.
The selfish man is truly blind.

179

Religion marks how men aspire
When mind 's inspired with heavenly fire.
Beginning with civility,
She ends with high philosophy.
Trained minds may in her doctrines find
High-water marks of mortal mind.
A little learning makes men doubt;
Deep study helps to find things out.
Ideas great, great deeds inspire.

180

Good manners, like good clothes, all know,
Respect for self and others show.
As clothing keeps the body whole,
Religion thus protects the soul.
Alas! that many a goodly tree
Dry rotten at the heart should be!
Dry rot infects man's inward part
When brain is fed but not the heart.
Such find life empty here below.

181

Each individual has needs
Which social regulation feeds.
A hand cut off by any act,
Is but a hand in name, not fact.
The struggles of a man cut off,
But make some pity, others scoff.
Man's whole significance but lies
In maintenance of human ties;
His highest good 's in helpful deeds.

182

Our race is no external tie
That each one's bondage doth imply.
What each one is, he 's, first, as man;
Then, good or bad, judged by the Plan.
The Plan secures man's liberty,
Self-will 's the root of anarchy.
No drop the ocean wave can move,
The wave must lift the drop above.
Power lies in solidarity.

183

Each nation into thought resolves—
'T is thought round which its life revolves.
All Britons must John Bull obey—
Some willingly, some not, they say!
Both king and people John Bull dread,
Who may take off his own king's head!
Once lose the thought that binds together,
And king and people face rough weather.
A nation's thought, its life involves.

184

From men, no man may live estranged,
Who stands alone must be deranged.
To hold one's place upon the plane
Of human life, marks one as sane.
Superior some well may be,
But they must live in harmony
With neighbors if they 'd know the zest
Of life enriched by all the rest;
Right ties with all must be arranged.

185

The working of the human eyes
Is one of mind's great mysteries.
An evil mood through its eyes sees
In good things, naught but doth displease.
A good mood doth idealize
E'en bad things, seen with partial eyes.
Plain truths, it seems, eyes cannot tell,
They paint but either heaven or hell.
In sight oft dire illusion lies.

186

Man sees, in others, foes or friends,
And there, he thinks the matter ends.
  But there 's no friend a man can bless,
  Or enemy, who can distress,
  Save by a man's own heart's consent.
  Who o'er his heart keeps watch intent,
  Will find therein the friends or foes
  Reflected, seen in men he knows.
Within, man's real fight 'gins and ends.

187

Virtue means manhood, power to fight—
To fight oneself by day and night.
  One's self-control is tried each day,
  Guard it we must as best we may.
  In self-control true virtue lies,
  From self-neglect grave dangers rise.
  Who masters others may be strong,
  But virtue 's not thus helped along.
The virtuous man keeps himself right.

188

The law of dialectic shows
That 't is by opposites man knows
  The nature true of anything
  That we to understanding bring.
  The number and the kind of friends
  One has, shows whither his life tends.
  If love or hatred move him most—
  That tells if he is saved or lost.
What neighbors hold, the farthest goes.

189

As well mark time by distant star,
As turn from man to God " afar "
To prove one's life and nature good,
When neighbors find it vile or rude.
God 's in the stars, but more in men
(Most knowing creatures that we ken.)
Our high'st appeal thus nearest lies;
How stands our life in neighbors' eyes?
'T is there God tells us what we are.

190

For computations nice, we know
'T is best from clock to star to go.
So, too, for highest things of all
We cannot back on neighbors fall.
But neighbors are good daily clocks—
He 's foolish who his neighbor shocks.
By neighbor's face our life to tell
Is simplest rule for living well.
From neighbor's smile much strength doth flow.

191

The sea, whose motion none can stop,
Is greater than a single drop.
No single mind can feel at ease
While other minds it doth displease.
The individual is naught,
The universal must be sought.
One plainly reads in every face
Just how each stands in other's grace.
Speak truth in love, or let it drop.

192

Woe to the soul who thinks he 's IT.
He 'll have to chew a bitter bit!
  He shows a talent better hid—
  The talent, just for getting rid.
  Gets rid of God, of Church and State;
  Gets rid of law, ah! riddance great.
  Gets rid of home, of lover, friends,
  If rid of self, the riddance ends.
Such live, at everything to hit!

193

There is no lot or place in life
That 's free from constant room for strife.
  Where'er we are we ever must
  Put up with some of travel's dust.
  Who best annoyances can bear
  Goes through each day most free from care.
  He only who is on his guard
  Avoids the things that make life hard—
Each hour with pitfalls deep is rife.

194

Who sadly doth the past recall
But knocks his head against a wall.
  There 's nothing can the past reverse,
  While knocking head doth make it worse.
  Few care their own past to recall,
  The past of others, that is all!
  Who 'll not play fair the game of life
  Involves each day in bitter strife
And paves the way for his downfall.

195

Home burdens that one has to bear
Best fitted to his shoulders are.
  Some stay at home as loth to prove
  Things elsewhere which they know not of.
  Some, who familiar things misprize,
  See strange things with quite other eyes.
  But, soon or late, to all doth come
  A time they 'll think with tears of home,
As where they knew the least of care.

196

Who can't, at home, his problems face,
Must meet them in another place.
  At home, when strife is in the air,
  Slight illness brings the tenderest care.
  Alone, what stranger ever tends
  A sufferer, or e'er befriends
  Him, like his very kith and kin,
  Whose sympathies his pain doth win?
In trouble, home 's the only place.

197

Yet anger often will hold out
When common-sense would stop the bout.
  Who finds home-life too hard, will oft
  A harder life insist is soft.
  Some rather would cause misery
  To others, than contented be
  'Midst troubles infinitely less;
  While they might self and others bless
If they 'd but smile and cease to pout.

198

Strange, is it not, that while we live
There 're some who never can forgive
  Our faults, and naught beside can see;
  Yet, parted by death's mystery,
  They 're deeply conscious of their loss
  And count all earthly things but dross.
  They 'll mourn for us through saddened years,
  With choking sobs and bitter tears;
To have us back the world they 'd give!

199

Whoe'er is set in doing wrong
Is sure to think that he is strong.
  All those who peace and quiet seek,
  He holds contemptible and weak.
  The tree that 'fore the blast can't bend
  But faces an untimely end.
  It 's grand to be like sturdy oak,
  But when it falls, it is no joke.
'T is yielding that helps life along.

200

A horse is strongest in his speed;
A mule, in backing, when we need
  His strength. Men, too, are obdurate;
  Docility, alone, makes great.
  Each plays in life a needed part,
  Some reap the joy, some court the smart.
  One in a *salon* feels in place,
  The tramp seems to enjoy disgrace
If he can only sleep and feed!

201

No man can strike another and
Not feel the blow in his own hand.
Who strikes at many pays the cost,
'T is his own hand that 's bruised the most.
Harsh words that we to others say
Make us grow harsher day by day.
The skin that 's ever handling brick
Grows rough and calloused, harsh and thick.
This truth 's not hard to understand!

202

All evil must itself destroy,
It cannot rob the good of joy.
Least troubles make the evil fight,
A good man finds his troubles light.
He feels within a source of strength
Enough to pull him through at length.
He has a different aim in life
Than to win out in angry strife.
What some might wound, doth him annoy.

203

Intelligence grasps the world we see,
The will concerns what ought to be.
But will is weak, abroad to roam
Before it 's done its work at home.
Our virtues others must admire
Ere we hand on the sacred fire.
He who lacks kindness, self-command,
Foundation lacks whereon to stand
And others show what they should be.

204

A good man meets all with a smile,
His foe must prove it, if foe is vile.
Men try to seem good in his eyes,
For few men goodness quite despise.
Doth sometime, one betray his trust,
He 's never bitter, only just.
He knows how easy 't is to fall
And so he loves, or pities, all,
But ne'er wrong-doers doth revile.

205

As each man's face reflects his thought
(Or absence of it, where thought is not)—
In nature's panorama vast
We come to the " Idea " at last,
Whose Being lies in nature, seen
Reflected there in varied sheen.
In nature, thus, the Being lies
Of the Idea veiled to eyes,
But by reflection, to mind brought.

206

Suppose our mind in form of ball
On whose round surface there doth fall
The shadow of a cube. 'T is clear
The shadow 'll not like cube appear,
But convex, with square corners gone.
Let cube, now, matter be—unknown;
Ball stand for mind by shadow veiled;
Thus the Eternal Light is paled.
Sense grasps world-shadows—that is all.

207

'T is reason shows God cannot be
Like cube, or shadow sense doth see.
But from the shadow on the ball,
Our reason proves Light back of all.
Nor ball nor cube like God is proved,
But reason thus finds One who 's loved,
E'en One who, though concealed, lets fall
A divine impress on us all.
Thus reason solves God's *mystery*.

208

The man who naught of God can find,
But proves thereby an untrained mind.
Art, logic, reason, Nature's laws,
In mind alone find their First Cause.
In Mind God knows Himself as God—
The Mind that was in Him who trod
The patient road to Calvary—
Whose " brethren " He called you and me—
True God self-conscious in man's mind.

209

Each finite thing must come to naught,
As Object, it 's less than its Thought.
As thought, it stands unchangingly,
As Object, it must pass away.
The infinite shows harmony,
Thought-Object, One, eternally.
All this, both latent in the mind,
And all philosophy, we find—
The Ontologic Proof, as taught.

210

Than God, naught greater can be thought—
Merely a Thought, He 's surely not.
For He in thought exists as Fact,
Far greater, thus, than thought's mere act.
What 's thought to exceed all thought's domain,
Thought can't be thought just to contain!
In *thought*, we God as Subject, see—
He 's *outside thought*, Objectively.
(Man's body is outside his thought!)

211

Our God, as Spirit 's veiled from sight,
His Person is displayed by light.
His cosmic vestures age like clothes,
And constant change, like all that grows.
(Asked of his health, once Liszt returned:
" With old Franz Liszt *I 'm* not concerned ").
Perpetual motion demands Force
Forever pouring from One source—
The Mind of the great God of Light.

212

A Personal God some stout deny,
But it 's a puzzle to know why.
If just what " person " means, we ask,
The answer simply is, " a mask."
A mask may be of flesh and bones,
Or cloth or clay, or stars or stones.
" Gray matter " may be its disguise,
But Being can show otherwise
Than as in man, Thought doth reply.

213

Man's spark of Being plainly lies
Within his " person," seen by eyes.
It marks intelligence to ask
What earth and sea and sky do mask.
Man Being masks in tiny form,
But man's form 's not All-Being's norm.
" Man's form 's too frail but for what 's finite ! "
" Man's form tops all; there 's no Infinite ! "
Vain words ! since form but mask supplies !

214

" We know a person by his clothes."
Thus inorganic matter shows
How Conscious Life itself may dress
In humble garb or splendidness.
The Essence of all Being, then
May show in ways beyond our ken.
To say that we who pass away
Alone Real Being may display,
No true philosophy allows.

215

The God who never sleeps nor slumbers,
Some dreamers fain would find in numbers.
Man number derives from *material things*
Which light to human survey brings,
Dispersed or grouped in Time and Space.
Here Thought doth Being's vestment face,
By which His Person is revealed
Whose Essence is from sight concealed.
(Man's person man both serves and cumbers.)

216

In Thought's abstractions no life lies
Though abstract thought 't is marks the " wise."
Who " God is Principle " doth say,
An abstract leaves—takes God away.
It profits not that " God is Love "
If One who loves, you thus remove.
A building found, a mind implies
By whom alone it could arise.
Sound reasoning puts God in skies.

217

Grim Schopenhauer shook his fist
At Hegel's God: " Does not exist!"
This shows that Schopenhauer's mind
No God he liked could ever find!
But call God, " World's Idea-Will,"
And his God-cravings you fulfil.
His mind can prove whate'er he wants—
That more may be, he never grants.
Well! what he lost, he never missed!

218

Idealist himself he thought
But strange Idealism taught.
His lofty flights led him to curse
And will to end the Universe.
The Creeds for precious truths he 'd sift
But cast their ark, the Church adrift.
Resisting evolution higher,
He fain had set all worlds afire,
That Man might find true peace in Naught!

219

In grand Ideas he was rich;
His Will could fling him in the ditch.
He kicked his house-maid down the stairs—
Despised calm Hegel for his prayers.
With eloquence he was aglow;
His pages iridescent flow.
But it was e'er a dreary case
When he an abstract path must trace—
Pure Logic gave him many a stitch!

220

'T was Schopenhauer who said well:
" Christianity has kernel, shell.
If shell I often roughly treat,
'T is but to seek its kernel sweet.
E'en then " (said he) " few men surmise
How tough and strong its mere shell is."
Yet all his work, as to devotion,
Is " painted ship on painted ocean."
Naught of faith's practice could he tell.

221

Kant's Reason Practical, he lacked;
Hence he cut loose from plainest fact.
His mental glass, held wrong end to,
Diminished all within his view.
He " jumped in bush, put out his eyes,"
And thus he, too, " grew wondrous wise."
The world, *God's* body, deeming low,
Why did he let *his* body grow?
Was brain, or just his theory, cracked?

222

He stopped with thought's arithmetic;
At all thought's algebra he 'd stick.
From thought would Hegel the sensuous delete;
With Schopenhauer, the thought 's concrete.
With Hegel, therefore, loth to struggle,
He called his Logic " verbal juggle."
Thus one leads mind up to God's throne,
The other proves all worlds man's own
Idea, 'till mind and heart grow sick.

223

No man can lose a bosom friend
And not feel poorer to life's end.
Cause man to lose a God above,
And from his soul goes so much love.
No longer trusting in The All,
The world appears an empty skull!
In face of babe and man we see
If food doth or doth not agree.
From souls anæmic, Lord defend!

224

These thinkers both are based on Kant,
Hence both will readers never want.
But Hegel was an optimist,
Schopenhauer, a pessimist.
An optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist the hole doth please.
Both hole and doughnut surely are;
The optimist gets the better fare—
His eye sees with a better slant.

225

Both optimism and pessimism
Reveal in point of fact a schism
  Like action and reaction. Each
  Alone, to full truth doth not reach.
  One must the other e'er reverse
  To active keep the universe.
  In what 's done by the whole machine
  The meaning of its parts is seen.
Full truth is found in no one " ism."

226

A crooked glass is pessimist,
A perfect glass is optimist.
  A face by evil passions scarred,
  But finds this life a burden hard.
  A face that inner goodness shows
  All radiant through life's troubles goes.
  A crooked glass can't be made right,
  But crooked minds can change o'er night
And seek the good that they have missed.

227

Let mind (if science tangle all),
Fall back on Reason Practical.
  Man needs no higher truth to seek
  Than what makes strong instead of weak.
  Said Grant, " First gather evidence,
  Then fight and trust in Providence."
  No victory was ever won
  By waiting till all facts were known;
Mere greed of knowledge caused Man's Fall.

228

Practical Reason shows a Will
That thinks and acts—not doubting still.
It shows Thought working actively
To make itself felt outwardly.
It wills to make Good manifest
By giving All its very best.
For Good for self it does not call,
It will but share the Good of All
As it must share with All, their Ill!

229

Man's mind is conscious God in man,
In vain for God men matter scan.
Man's mind, bereft of thought of God,
Is mortal as the merest clod.
If one would free his mind from doubt,
Just Knock! He 'll find God "in" not "out";
For 't is in Him we live and move,
His witness in our hearts is love—
This not to know, is God to ban.

230

As God reveals Himself to Man,
Our Race perceives just what it can.
Faith's basic truths stand verified
By application ages tried.
Our Reason's very highest flight
Must stop far short of Heaven's Light;
Yet what, by proof, we surely know,
Inspires our souls with celestial glow,
As conscious workers in God's plan.

231

God but exhales! Ten million whirls,
As worlds or stars, through space He hurls.
  God but inhales! In eager strife
  They plunge into the Fount of Life.
  Each part of All 's an entity—
  No part, as All, can poorer be!
  Could Time e'er wreck what 's in each one,
  God's life had stopped ere ours begun—
Snapped were the cord that threads life's pearls!

232

Just think one million worlds! When done,
Denote them by the figure " 1."
  Erase that " 1 " and naught is left
  But God, of all we 've thought bereft!
  To us this may seem loss of all—
  To God the loss may be but small!
  Vast concepts, that may daze the wise,
  No terrors have for suckling's eyes—
They knock card-houses down for fun.

233

Unless God dies in man from birth,
We live in God beyond this earth.
  Each part 's included in the whole—
  'T is true of body, true of soul.
  Parts diverse in each unity
  Keep individuality;
  Con-fusion is not in God's plan,
  God coexists with Christ and Man.
Each spark of Spirit has its worth.

234

Each drop of water in the sea
Shows myriad animalculæ;
  Each one of them 's an entity
  Aware of its identity.
  No consciousness, when life is rounded,
  Shall ever find itself con-founded.
  The words of the Te Deum soar
  Afar to Time's remotest shore—
They hold good through eternity.

235

Just fancy drops convened at sea!
A drop says: " Water 's my Idea;
  But join to that this Will of mine
  And you explain surrounding brine."
  The drops adjourn without the Notion
  That 's summed up in the one word Ocean.
  The Notion of Humanity
  Is clear to some who God can't see,
Or feel his All-Identity.

236

The " Religion of Humanity "
Is so near Christianity,
  That it would seem perversity
  The sheer perversion not to see.
  It only fails to rise on wing
  Because it lacks a live mainspring.
  Particulars can't stand alone,
  Their Universal must be shown.
Thus God looms up eternally.

237

For Humanity's cult, F. Harrison
(Like Esau, Isaac's hairy son),
Once craving Bread, (Theol'gy in dotage),
His Christian birthright gave—" for pottage."
But Holy Church holds relics, stones,
And truth revives e'en faith's dead bones.
Her stray truth-hunters yet shall yearn
For their old home and glad return,
When reason faith's work carries on.

238

Like-Unlike, are reciprocal;
Alone, they can't be thought at all.
From what but varies, we advance
To things opposèd, at a glance.
Comparison shows things unlike,
Whose likeness yet impresses sight.
In difference, identity,
And then new difference, thought doth see,
All opposites together fall.

239

In polar opposites combined
The power of battery we find.
Man 's forced to reason just because
The world 's discordant in its " laws."
To grasp a thing, we first must know
What opposites that thing doth show;
Then seek the higher unity
For factors contradictory.
'T is thus we rise from sense to mind.

240

Real contradiction but incites
To find what opposites unites.
  Each side has its inherent use,
  Bi-unity doth naught con-fuse.
  To yield, each side 's forever loth,
  The truth both serve, includes them both.
  Who cannot take both by the hands,
  True place of neither understands.
" The Country grows by party fights! "

241

Our country sends forth troops to kill,
And diplomats, the strife to still.
  (No peace can be without good will;
  With men of bad will, peace is *nil.*)
  In finite realm, where all 's ajar,
  There ever will be peace and war.
  Though arbitration peace command,
  By force alone decrees will stand.
Who sees with but one eye, sees ill!

242

Twelve hours of light, twelve hours of dark
Make up the day, by earthly mark.
  They correlate, not disagree—
  A unit in duality.
  Nor good nor bad alone may stand,
  All things have opposites at hand.
  Related to myself I 'm " I "
  But also " I " to others by.
For each, its other we remark.

243

Day ends with night, night ends with day,
Twin sides of one harmonious play.
  Death thus with life, and life with death,
  Are both involved in every breath.
  Nothing exists without its other,
  The two are one, like father-mother.
  Who knows but life, all death must hate;
  While Reason sees but change of state—
Not life but body fades away.

244

Denial 's night, belief is day,
They cannot part, though strive they may.
  Should atheist go to savage brother,
  They would not really like each other.
  All men in common much must see
  Ere they can kindly disagree.
  Who in debate in temper flies,
  That he 's in strait, doth all apprise.
For Doxy, both " Ortho " and " Hetero " play.

245

In opposites that fright the soul,
How does our reason view the whole?
  It says, to neither we belong,
  We are, by both, but helped along.
  'T is I who sleep, and I who wake,
  In life and death the same course take.
  My opposites exist through me,
  I both as incidental see;
Nor one or other me control.

246

Of body, man begins to tire,
Long ere years " three-score, ten " expire.
  His mental powers show clear and bright
  As long as brain and body 's right.
  When Kodak's work is poorly done,
  We test the lens and not the Sun.
  Poor music a great artist brings
  From harp with worn or broken strings;
By death set free, Man rises higher.

247

Seventeen-year locusts may be found
By perfect shells upon the ground.
  The locust 's like the live ideal,
  The cast-off shell stands for the real.
  Reality naught lasting shows,
  Th' ideal through the ages goes.
  The real is but the fleeting form,
  Th' ideal, 't is, supplies the norm
Reality e'er flickers round.

248

All peoples who earth's soil have trod,
Have felt the presence of a God.
  The rare exceptions to this rule
  Are tribes resembling ape or fool.
  No people great did ever rise
  Who felt no mind throughout the skies.
  Reluctant souls who can't thus mount,
  In history, for little count;
Depressed, through life they hopeless plod.

249

To minds religious, all we see
Is ruled by God in harmony.
  In all earth's music that we hear,
  Discord to concord 's ever near.
  Thus that which " is " and " ought to be "
  But interact, not disagree.
  'T is thus the world-process doth thrive,
  Kept never torpid, e'er alive.
The choice we make 's our destiny.

250

God's world-process defies man's thought!
An age but seldom gets what 's sought.
  What one age sows, another reaps
  When son his sire's ideal keeps.
  What twenty years might bring about,
  Ten years may see quite crowded out
  By new cross currents, that confuse
  The public mind and change its views.
World's-Process shows man 's great, man 's naught!

251

We see in the objective world
The good prevail, then backward hurled.
  This contradiction, we are taught,
  'Tween good that is and yet is not,
  To mind an endless progress shows
  To actualize the good man knows—
  Gives man a guide in what he *ought*
  To be, if worthy life be sought.
By mind this standard is unfurled.

252

The end for which the world exists
Accomplished is; yet ne'er desists
  The world from working to its end.
  One-sided youth the world would mend;
  There 's but one way to set it right—
  To improve *ourselves* by day and night.
  Its beauty shows to loving hearts,
  Its ugliness, where love departs.
Like day and night, each side persists.

253

God's purpose in this world, we see,
Is to give chance to you and me
  Both good and evil here to find,
  That we may act with open mind,
  And choose our service, with free will,
  On side of good or side of ill.
  Whichever side we help along,
  Apart from God there 's nothing strong—
His will prevails eternally.

254

Whoe'er is good at any task,
World-process serves, though under mask.
  The good are seldom good at *all*,
  The bad oft in their badness fall.
  Some are quite good at doing bad,
  Some bad at doing good—'t is sad!
  Or good or bad, who does his best,
  To Providence may leave the rest—
The world-process no more doth ask.

255

Who 'll neither seek nor take advice
Must later surely pay the price.
A spider poison makes 'mid flowers
Where bees sip honey by the hours.
Nor bee nor spider e'er can change;
If man could not, we 'd think it strange.
Where consequences are too ill,
Men quickly find they have free will
To give up e'en their fondest vice!

256

All doubt regarding man's free will,
In practice, is not hard to still.
Free is man's conscious will alone,
Sub-conscious will 's with God at one.
Each mortal will its free course takes,
Immortal will makes no mistakes.
Boys' wills are free to act in school,
Yet work and discipline o'errule.
School's end through freedom boys fulfil.

257

The artist who strives against mistakes
Feels free in all he undertakes.
Who ignorant, doth art's laws brave,
Is, to his faults, a very slave.
The man whose will 's with God at one
Feels himself free and not undone.
Freedom exists alone through law,
As Kant and Hegel plainly saw.
Law, will protects, not free will breaks.

258

Man's will is free through acts to range;
To think it not, doth mind derange.
Who wills a thing, or will not will,
In either case, he must will still.
Man can all will, save will to love,
Since Love, as God, is will above.
For some things willed, man long must try,
As when man willed that he would fly.
Without free will life would seem strange!

259

Some " other " is for everything;
Its " other " to it fast doth cling.
'Tween opposites the bond to find
Explains each " other " to the Mind.
'T is here Free Will comes into play,
To one or t' other giving way.
Man fights his fight, reaps his reward,
But none may the Great End retard—
Equation will solution bring.

260

Both God and devil, One for aye,
In all sound thought together stay.
(He surely some wrong way hath trod
Who devil feels more near than God!)
This Great Bi-Une makes night and day,
All Ill, all Good (thus saith Isai').
Who thus doth hold of Heaven-Hell,
He, only, knows his Logic well,
Whate'er weak sentiment may say.

261

" There is a place of tears and woe
To which earth's wicked souls must go " ?
There is a place of crime and sin,
'T is now each criminal within.
To heaven or hell none ever *go*,
We " settle there " while here below.
'T is this that makes our life worth while;
Not dreams of some enchanted isle,
Nor place where fires eternal glow!

262

Each man within prepares his place,
For future joy or his disgrace.
Each must his place in future find
With such as are of his own kind.
The ocean's vapors thus we see
To sea flow back eternally.
Here good and bad are strangely mixed;
Next starting-points 't is here are fixed.
Our next life 'mid our sort we face!

263

Malicious critics spend their days
Detracting from their neighbors' praise.
Their victims may grow patient, good;
The critic's fate is understood.
His only pleasure to give pain,
His brutal daring makes him vain.
In willing unto others Hell,
He puts himself therein to dwell,
'Mong those who cursing go their ways.

264

Some shut their eyes and take their ease,
Serenely doing as they please.
Because their debt but slowly grows,
They think the account will never close.
The more they their own sins forgive,
The less will they let others live.
Their own lives hiding in the dark,
They others force to toe the mark,
By every means that can displease!

265

Harsh words are like a boomerang,
Who sends them forth must feel the pang.
They do brief harm to whom they go,
Returning, 't is they deal the blow.
Who sends them out, or near or far,
His soul and face betray the scar.
None harbors thought of hate intense
And keeps the face of innocence—
Harsh lines betray the hidden fang.

266

'T is cruel to such souls, to let
Them in their scorn their deeds forget,
Since all, for every evil word,
Must hourly answer to soul's Lord.
"Christ! God! O help!" they wildly cry,
When consequences they feel nigh;
But all must reap that which they sow—
As merest child on earth may know—
Yet warning makes some folks worse yet!

267

Can they who sore have misbehaved,
Or here, or elsewhere, e'er be saved?
  Man can turn now from what he fears,
  And stain of sin wipe out with tears.
  Great Dante tells of one who died,
  And e'en in Hell, maintained his pride.
  " Thy will be done," God's children pray;
  An evil will afar must stay
Self-doomed unto the state it braved!

268

" For sin against the Holy Ghost
There 's pardon none." He 's surely lost
  Who his own light within puts out
  By wilful sin or stubborn doubt.
  By " Holy Ghost " the Church doth mean
  The common bond God-Christ between.
  God's Holy Spirit in the heart,
  To each man gives, in Christ, his part.
That tie man severs at his cost.

269

Each one is author of his fate,
An evil fate for all who hate.
  " I hurt myself," the infant cries;
  The evil doer 's not so wise.
  Like tree, so life is judged by fruit,
  A brutal life 's self-lashed like brute.
  The Christ in man is good to all—
  To self, to others, great and small,
Save thieves within the temple gate!

270

Who here obedience will not choose,
Cannot with decency refuse
To bide his own decree, and move
Apart from servants of the God of Love.
Frail servants, e'en the best may be,
But, serving, they gain liberty
From snares of self while here on earth.
True heaven in their hearts finds birth
Who life's great gift do not abuse.

271

Most piteous in Dante's hells
Are those, of whom the poet tells,
Whose heads, on shoulders, are reversed,
So that they ever see the worst
Of life—its years gone by—
And live them o'er in agony.
Why, on the past, reflect in sorrow?
We live to-day, can live to-morrow;
A cheerful heart bright days foretells.

272

The future scan with laughing eyes!
" Man, only, laughs," 't is thus he 's wise.
If, on the morrow, you topple o'er,
Just quickly rise, and laugh the more.
" Man is the laughing animal ";
Then, who can't laugh 's not man at all!
Life 's not a baleful tragedy,
But just the soul's Divine Comedy
That 's planned to end in glad surprise.

273

Man's nature makes him stand erect,
Not move " on fours " with face deject.
His eyes are set to look before,
Thus, on what 's past, to dwell no more.
Time drives us onward year by year,
Why look behind? There 's naught to fear
In what is past. It 's dead and gone—
Ahead, life's victory 's to be won!
Look straight ahead. You 'll land detect!

274

The past is now, to be forgiven,
The future 's now to enter heaven.
Thus past and future God doth see,
Thus should they be for you and me.
Naught 's gained by putting off the day
When we our soul's just debt must pay.
Who of the morrow no thought takes
But daily with his God peace makes,
His soul 's alive with the true leaven.

275

Of solar system, sun is soul,
It sees no shadows where orbs roll.
Man's soul, filled with Religion's light,
Bids darkness flee and sees no night.
No finite thing can shadow throw
Into a soul with light aglow.
The Sun of Soul in man can save,
In life, in death, beyond the grave.
The point of view decides the whole.

276

The prince of darkness ever hies
From solar radiance in the skies.
Who dwells in light ne'er sees the dark,
(Who dwells in darkness, stars may mark!)
God's X-ray penetrates within,
His eye 's too pure to behold sin.
From finite limits free, the soul
May see God's splendors 'fore him roll.
Earth's discords end in harmonies.

277

The sun 's more mighty, far, than wood,
Yet shutters may its light exclude.
Hence feeble man, no one can doubt,
May close his blinds and keep light out.
No power exists 'neath heaven's span,
To thwart the will of one bad man.
The world would fall, if wilful fools
Could, without hurt, transgress its rules,
And share the fortunes of the good.

278

Man's conscious mind, warped, criminals makes;
But, hypnotized, their thinking takes
A different course. They 'll sermons preach
Which naught but purest morals teach.
Though consciously, they 're evil, crude,
Subconsciously, all men are good.
To all, God is so very near,
That evil seems a thin veneer.
Bad habits hypnotism breaks.

279

All fright intense may hypnotize.
It may from accident arise,
  Disease, or terror of beast's claw,
  Or from the sentence of the law.
  " Death-bed repentance," we suspect
  Omniscient God may not reject.
  'T is thinkable that something worse
  Befalls one e'en to end perverse,
Who sullenly, or mocking, dies.

280

" Thank God, I 'm good," cries Pharisee,
" Why are not other men like me?"
  " Thy pardon give," prays Publican,
  " I 've sinned 'gainst Thee and fellow-man! "
  God gives no warrant to espy
  And neighbors' faults to magnify.
  Who, wilful, spreads unhappiness
  What power in earth or sky can bless,
Or now, or in eternity?

281

True worshippers, it 's understood,
Deny they are,—they would be good.
  A scoffer may not doubt he 's better
  Without, than with, Religion's fetter;
  Both appetite and self-will guard
  From all that points him heavenward.
  His conscience holds him safely far
  From pledge that might with impulse jar.
Religious minds he scorns as crude.

282

No one is good but God alone!
The good in man is only shown
  By glad obedience to the laws
  Of home and country, and each cause
  That seeks on earth good will to spread,
  And order keep, like that o'erhead.
  Above, true order 's kept at cost
  Of ruin where the orbit 's lost.
No other outcome there is known.

283

We don't discuss the needs of art
With those who have for art no heart.
  Why then discuss affairs of Church
  With those who leave her in the lurch?
  Who 'd joyous smile, not weep or frown,
  To see the meddling thing go down,
  That seeks to curb with talk of sin
  Man's cunning schemes his ends to win.
In selfish life, Church hath no part.

284

The Church that operates by man
Has man's perfection for her plan.
  She 'd make him strong, yet reverent, meek,
  To do the Good, The Good to seek.
  Though scarred by man's infirmities,
  These make him feel the Church is his.
  His power to mould for good or ill,
  Inspires his soul and proves his will,
Since finite aid is in God's plan.

285

The Notion of scholar, artist, priest,
Implies attainments high at least.
The Notion, Church, the thought implies
Of Him whose glory fills the skies.
When hearts beat warm for any cause
Men organize and set up laws.
If by man's fault the work 's beset,
This makes true souls more loyal yet.
True zeal 's by troubles but increased.

286

No critic creates works of art,
He lacks the impulse and the heart.
The critic but exception takes;
The artist earnest effort makes.
A critic lives by " but " and " if "—
Two words that chill all ardor stiff.
Who waits to see the Church all right,
Will, long before, bid earth good-night.
He 'll take in it nor lot nor part.

287

Some go to Church to commune with God,
Some wait to meet Him 'neath the sod.
It 's all at last a thing of choice,
The doubter can't in God rejoice.
(Though love with virtues adorns life,
Who Woman doubts will ne'er take wife.)
Enthusiasm must find friends,
Alone it splutters, cools and ends.
Alone, a dreary path is trod.

288

The Church enjoins naught from the skies,
She wills the Good and bids it rise.
  Christ says His Kingdom is within,
  'T is there we conquer death and sin.
  Who atrophies his psychic power
  How shall he pass through his last hour?
  Whate'er contracts a man's own soul
  Impairs the force that keeps him whole.
A wise man guards against surprise!

289

Skill comes but to the practised hand.
Discussion ne'er can give command
  Of power that exercise brings forth;
  Applied religion sole, has worth.
  Buddha was wise and good indeed,
  But Buddhists lack set prayer and creed.
  They meditate, instead of pray,
  And, passive, dream this life away.
Work, live and pray! is Christ's command.

290

Religion it is vain to talk
With one determined not to walk
  Or exercise in any way
  Along the path from day to day.
  A man who simply talks or reads
  About the letter of the creeds,
  But shuns the discipline, can he
  E'er strengthened by religion be?
Such methods real religion mock.

291

The forces by which now are wrought
The wonders of inventive thought
  Are immaterial to sight
  And only known by Reason's light.
  'T is largely but a thing of taste
  What force is used, what let to waste.
  The few may work with compressed air,
  But all can test the force of prayer.
Some ignorance is dearly bought.

292

Religious talk 's a game of chess
To fill an hour of idleness.
  Religious life one always knows
  Not by what 's said, but what one does.
  The irreligious love to fence
  O'er Creed or Bible's evidence,
  But never deign to lift their eyes
  In prayer to Heaven to make them wise—
They " know too much," they thus confess.

293

Religion is no thin veneer,
That cracks and fails when danger 's near.
  Instinctively, men void of creed,
  Commit their souls to God in need.
  'T is storm, not sunshine yields the test
  Of what by consciousness is confessed,
  When, startled into prescience,
  Man's soul breaks loose from bonds of sense,
Knows God is near and all doth hear.

294

Alas! that men, when asked to pray
Should oft in pity turn away.
Material forces all respect,
Though spiritual forces they reject.
They spurn the mighty inmost tether
That binds God, world and man together.
The force that 's latent in the soul,
Which prayer shows under our control,
Helps make the best of life each day.

295

Far more, alas! that when some pray,
Their thoughts afar should helpless stray,
Unwitting how, with concentrate mind,
To heaven's ear the way to find.
The source of goodness, joy or sin,
Is not outside man, but within.
Environment but aids the seeds
Within the soul, if grain or weeds.
Nothing without makes good men stray.

296

Auto-suggestion now men call
The in-turned thought potent for all.
That silent thought our soul doth bless
And reaches others in distress.
When man to God thus turns in thought,
By Christ, in man, the blessing 's wrought.
No idle word is ever lost;
No earnest word is idly tossed
In empty space, fruitless to fall.

297

Some people are quite hard to please,
(Say—those who ne'er say prayer on knees!)
They 'll view an infinite of suns,
As nightly round the pole it runs,
And feel no thrill as part of all—
Nay, scorn their part 'cause 't is so small!
A *junior* partner in such firm,
They 're positive, is but a worm!
They hold it sane to doubt and freeze!

298

By sound, or written sign of sound,
Mind touches mind, the world around.
Two forms this shows, the one is speech,
The other music, with wider reach.
Speech rests on understanding's ground,
In music, intuitions sound.
Subconsciously, both tune and verse
One root share in the universe;
Both spring from Absolute Being's ground.

299

One goes on foot to bear a letter;
Another rides, the pace is better.
A letter goes by boat or train
And thus the time 's reduced again.
The message next, a wire doth bear;
Then goes, by wireless, through the air.
To thought-transference all doth tend,
And some minds now have reached this end.
Time may retard, but can't mind fetter.

300

Man's frame is evolution's flower.
His mind sheds perfume, hour by hour,
In form of thoughts, that silent flow,
As, like soft breaths, or gales, they blow.
From every flower, from each man's head,
May sane or noxious influence spread.
A Burbank's art may plants perfect,
Religion can the man correct.
Man needs but try God's saving power.

301

Each thought makes changes that remain
Impressed on matter of the brain.
These cogitative records lie
In brain as source of memory.
As thought thus moulds a world that 's seen,
It well may work on worlds unseen.
Worlds, endless, outwardly unfold,
Worlds without end, within are rolled,
Man stands at neither end of chain.

302

That thoughts may reach a " distant " mind,
As by brain wireless, all may find.
Desire or need brings this about—
The thing occurs beyond a doubt.
That this should be, why wonder we?
Why it 's yet rare 's the mystery!
'T is likely best we concentrate
Our thoughts on work in present state,
Lest to near duty we grow blind.

303

Ethereal bridges span the breaks,
When spirit, flight to spirit makes.
Thus common understanding sings
Of human souls as separate things.
'T is matter that asunder flies,
The Spirit 's One, through earth and skies;
All parts vibrate within One Whole,
Thus soul may touch another soul,
Concentrate thought, alone, this takes.

304

Great Swedenborg announced the laws
Of spirit-world in mystic clause;
" In spirit, Thought doth presence bring:
And Love unites." Full many a thing
That mind of man of heaven conceives,
He, while yet on this earth, receives.
World-laws a miracle don't spurn,
From miracles world-laws we learn;
Before one doubts, he long should pause.

305

In mind-cure man projects his share
Of psychic force through viewless air.
It reaches far, but farther still
Conjoined to the Almighty Will.
Thence man derives the power, a force
To wield, drawn from its boundless source.
With power thus from the fountain charged,
In scope and measure thus enlarged,
Man's works may with his Lord's compare.

306

" I said to myself," is often heard,
" I thought to myself," sounds not absurd.
Thus used to *self*, within to turn,
The *All* to meet there, why not yearn?
Mind works in prayer just as in sleep,
Which doth brain-action dormant keep.
Brain-action clogs the mind with sense,
Alone, mind's power is oft immense.
For this, " I 'll sleep it o'er " 's, the word.

307

In sleep, though, man but suffers all
To run itself whate'er befall.
In prayer, he actively doth place
His need before the " Throne of Grace,"
Submerging self within the All,
Whose aid he feels the power to call.
That prayer is heard 's by none denied
Who 've with " expectant attention " tried
To enter their soul's sacred hall.

308

Prayer's technic should be taught by rule,
As well as form, in Sunday School.
With closed eyelids, uplifted eyes,
(Found helpful, sense to hypnotize),
Feel Holy Spirit in the soul;
Through Man-Christ, go to God (the Whole);
Repeat a Collect. (If that fetter
Use any words that you think better);
You 'll feel the Power that doth o'errule.

309

Avoid all " repetitions vain,"
But, if not vain, say o'er again,
'Til, memorized, each precious word
Re-echoed from the heart is heard.
Nor poetry nor music lose
When artist every strain reviews;
Devoutly he goes o'er the whole
Until it blossoms in his soul.
True prayer 's inspired like music's strain.

310

Musicians joy to improvise,
But in *set forms* they mount the skies.
What 's written down and oft well played—
By that the artist-soul is made.
The songs of Greece still move the heart,
Immortalized by Homer's art.
The true oration 's deeply planned,
Then poured from heart with feeling grand;
No offhand speech with such power vies.

311

The word that 's used may matter not
If sense of the Unseen be caught.
Yet words, that ages long survive,
Thus surely prove themselves alive.
Such words may touch the secret springs
Of power, heredity that brings.
All words by noble souls long loved
Surpass words Time 's not yet approved.
Each word that 's old was once long sought!

312

Relate each name and word that 's used
In prayer, to some thought, unconfused,
Of the All Power within the heart,
In which Man, Christ and God have part.
The only way to strengthen soul
Is consciously to feel the Whole
Of what, from sight deep hidden, lies
Within the world that meets the eyes;
Thus receptivity 's induced.

313

" God moves in a mysterious way ";
We change the current when we pray.
If we but let things take their course,
By chance, we may feel lightning's force.
Results direct if we would see,
Prayer is our Franklin's kite and key.
No mortal knows just what he 'll get,
But fishes good will fill his net—
No fervent prayer e'er goes astray.

314

The man who only prays through priest,
To prayer 's indifferent, at least.
No man eats from another's hand
While he can walk, or he can stand.
The priest is doctor to the soul;
What he prescribes may make us whole.
Nor priest nor doctor all can do,
The patient, too, must help pull through.
From prayer, soul's bread, why e'er desist?

315

Each hour leaves traces of earth's dust
Upon the soul; hence, cleanse we must
The soul with frequent prayer, lest grime
Collect to form the soil for crime.
Souls clean, lives open, frank and free,
The watchwords are of liberty,
Without which, man, whate'er he have,
Drags out his life, to fears a slave,
With naught wherein to put his trust.

316

Who truly thinks that he 's self-made,
May go on trusting to self-aid;
For he who 's brought himself thus far,
Should nothing let his record mar!
Should ever his own right arm fail,
'T is time enough to hoist the sail
Of prayer and draw on secret power
To pull him through when perils lower;
Some only pray when they 're afraid!

317

But he who knows how very small
His own place is, within the All,
Will strengthen arm with ring and pole,
And seek, by prayer, to strengthen soul.
For soul and body, exercise
Alone, increase of strength supplies.
The means prescribed, the taste will suit
Of all who crave the Spirit's fruit.
Neglect of means oft ruins all.

318

Prayer 's waste of breath if not sincere,
All fervent pray in sudden fear.
Most all can join in prayer that 's said
By priest beside a dying bed.
It 's a relief to put prayer off
When one is well—nay lightly scoff
At Church and priest and holy things!
When strong of foot, why preen soul's wings,
Or take one's thought from pleasures near?

319

Prayer straightway takes who prays in hand,
Confirms his will by self-command;
Develops that for which we long,
To make and keep us calm and strong.
By prayer we may ourselves connect
With Power Supreme, and so reject
Temptation's wiles, that else would charm
Our wills to weakness and soul's harm.
Unaided how shall mortal stand?

320

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,"
Or moved by love or anger's fire.
Love's prayer cannot but others bless,
While anger's must ourselves distress.
Offences often must needs come,
But woe to him who brings them home.
Fulfilled must be the law's decree
But not, let 's pray, by you or me
As instrument of heaven's ire!

321

Prayer 's uttered in each strong desire,
If low we aim, or high aspire.
Mere prayers of impulse seize the mind
Inspired by moods of every kind.
Each one 's a blessing or a curse,
And curses make the curser worse—
" Like chickens coming home to roost "—
So runs a proverb often used
To show the work of anger's fire.

322

Good prayers are fruitful, like good seeds,
Ill wishes choke the soul like weeds.
With goodness we must fill the mind,
Or little reason there we 'll find.
When temper's flare is not withstood,
Rank poison taints and tints the blood;
The brain 's inflamed with angry spite,
And reason vanishes in night;
Its warnings temper never heeds.

323

The face grows hard, and ashen pale,
The breath comes fast as driven gale.
None can the tempest still, save He
Who calmed the storm of Galilee.
The storm that 's let to run its course
Subsides, when it has spent its force;
But, on the face, deep lines appear
By passion's sculpture limnéd there
Where'er the soul within doth ail.

324

There 's beauty in serenity
Whate'er the features chance to be.
  A gentle spirit makes the face
  Delight all eyes with charm of grace.
  A radiant soul enthralleth all
  Upon whom its bright smile may fall.
  And what such souls to others send
  They do not lose, but simply lend.
They share with all in amity.

325

We oft accept, in early youth,
What science holds for sober truth.
  It chills the marrow, hardens hearts,
  Till all uplifting thought departs;
  Belittles men to ephemeræ,
  With outlook narrowed to a day.
  For wise old age, this has no charms;
  Warm life yet left, seeks that which warms.
Uplifting thoughts alone then soothe.

326

(A boy I knew, to himself once thought:
" The truth 's by orthodoxy taught,
  Since doctrines known as orthodox
  Have had to stand the hardest knocks;
  By Understanding ne'er o'erthrown,
  Survival Fittest they have shown;
  What stands thus, though it sense displease,
  Somehow with deepest truth agrees."
To metaphysic he was brought!)

327

Full oft reflective minds have found
Themselves as on tree-branch 'bove ground,
And, craving mental liberty,
Have sawed themselves clean off the tree.
But, bond of continuity
Destroyed, no unanimity
Of doctrine may men, severed, find
To help them act as of one mind.
Mind's ancient truths alone are sound.

328

Or true or false, that is the crux!
What misdirected life rebukes
Is Truth, though clad in motley guise—
(Truth's bill of fare must appetize!)
Material facts must not reject
What human nature may correct;
For human life is more than meat;
A life that 's good, has savor sweet.
There 's much that 's false, though true it looks!

329

True and *correct* are oft confused
When words are inexactly used.
We err to say a man is sick;
The phrase conceals a verbal trick.
No doubt a sick man sick may be,
But man as Man, is healthy, free.
To say man 's sick may be correct,
But that it 's true, thought must reject,
The Notion, Man, is thus abused.

330

Truth says, Each thing must coincide
With its true Notion, naught beside.
A thief, indeed, in thief we see;
When we think Man—no thief is he.
An unjust God there never was;
His Notion includes justice, laws.
True, some while briefly earth they trod,
Have felt themselves more just than God—
Sure mark of ignorance or pride!

331

Both bird and beast correctly see
Earth, fire and water, rock and tree.
A man befogged is led by dog
In safety through a perilous bog.
Ten thousand years hence man may know
High truths his Reason 's still below.
But we must follow Reason 's flight,
Or grope in Understanding's night
And strive, like beast, correct to be.

332

Correctness of his senses, man
Must take as basic in his plan.
But Reason, in astronomy,
Shows that no rise of sun can be.
Denying witness of his eyes,
Astronomy thus makes man wise.
Religion 's just as sound in root—
By Reason planned to bear good fruit,—
With work for fruit the Church began.

333

Who talks but loosely sure is lost
When line 'twixt talk and thinking 's crossed.
What for the truth is often passed,
But mere correctness proves at last.
Much is correct, as judged by sense,
That 's untrue by thought's evidence.
The danger 's greatest when we rise
To judge, by sense, things 'bove the skies
And Reason's faith aside is tossed.

334

The Creeds show Truth at Reason's height,
Though not *correct* to daily sight.
The doctrine meets the needs of all,
Unlearnèd, learnèd, great and small.
This work of ancient Reason's stood
Because it 's worked a lasting good.
True students in Religion's school
Must put in practice every rule
By which our nature 's bent to Right.

335

Some naught of Hamlet's *Truth* will know,
Unless *Correct,* the tale you show.
Religion asks that you and me
Not mere on-lookers, *actors* be.
To act, means practice long, and skill;
Demands of Church, hence, some take ill.
Who acts on stage, may earn his penny,
But act for soul! Who 's sure there 's any?
" All Creeds are false," oft men avow.

336

Who acts his part upon the stage,
May other thoughts, 'tween times, engage;
  Religion bids us act each minute
  The play is on and we are in it!
  Zounds! keep that up, and sure as fact,
  We 'll soon become that which we act!
  'T is thus the Church " becomes a bore ";
  Like Oliver Twist, she cries for more—
What wonder that the heathen rage!

337

By faith, through need, man takes his food,
Though how it help 's not understood;
  Yet starving souls with scorn or strife
  Reject the Master's Bread of Life.
  They sense narcotic in His Cup
  To numb the brain of all who sup.
  They risk their cash to reach wealth's goal,
  But take no chance to enrich the soul.
Why better be while they feel good?

338

St. Paul to Corinthians did state,
That " Spiritual things come late."
  Vast æons of prehistoric time
  May have preceded truths sublime
  With which all history doth begin;
  Of God and Judgment, Virtue, Sin,
  And conscious Immortality
  In doom or in felicity;
And all the thoughts that make man great.

339

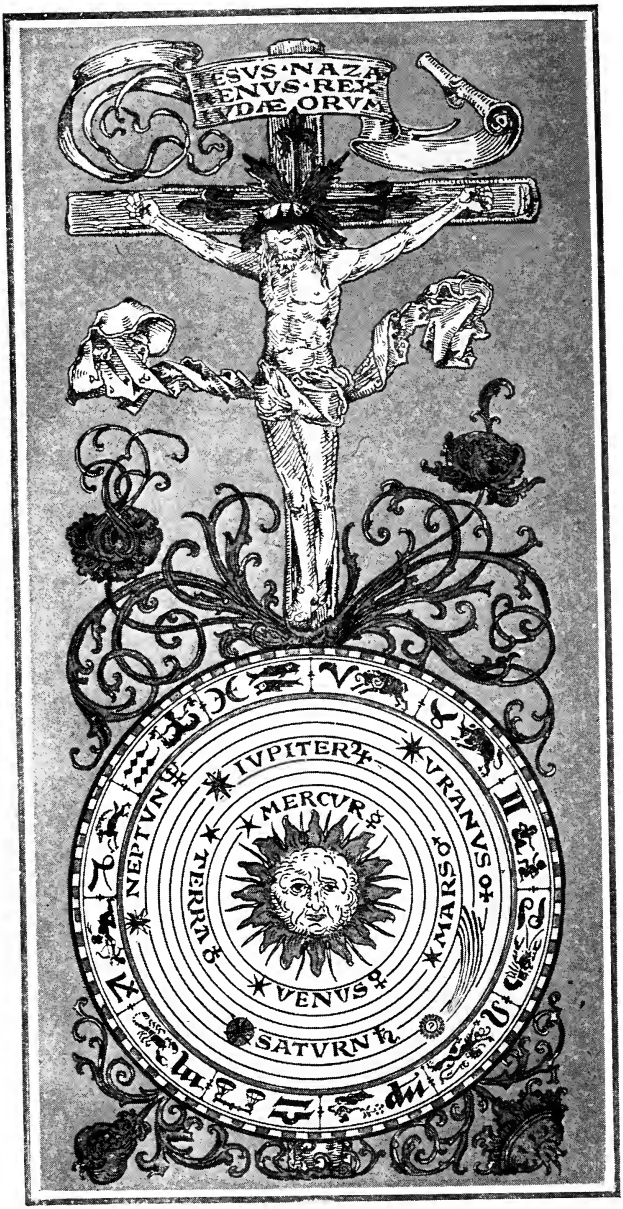
E'en Herbert Spencer lived to find,
" 'Mong prehistoric men, great Mind."
Our food for thought holds many a crumb
That down to us from them hath come;
The syllogistic Trinity,—
Man's innate Immortality,—
That Freedom only breathes through laws,—
And mind eternal is sole Cause,—
By priests of Egypt were defined.

340

More than six thousand years ago
Were framed the mythic tales we know.
Intent on civilizing man,
And training him to live by plan,
" Saints " left these tales, to teach and guide,
(In forms conducive to race pride)
By deeds of Demi-Gods before,
Combined with much of wisdom's lore.
The tales inspired man's will to grow.

341

In " Uncle Sam " or " Jonathan "
The world sees our composite man.
John Bull and Japhet, Ham and Shem,
Such demi-gods are, all of them.
From some man's traits, the type arose,
By which his people history knows.
Methus'lah " lived " nine hundred years,
A shorter life now John Bull fears!
Not persons, " dynasties " we scan.



The Station of the Cross, A.D. 29, at the "pass-over" from the "Lamb" to the "Two Small Fishes."

342

The back of " Alephant " we 're told
Once did the world's vast rondure hold.
Well! Aleph marked the Taurus star
What time Sun rode in Taurus' car.
This shows, six thousand years ago,
Wise men astronomy did know.
Discoverers of the best we have
Our betters are, though long in grave.
In vain we scorn those men of old.

343

The moral law we find deduced
From data Father Time produced—
Catastrophies, both great and small,
And things that hap' to one and all.
Thus cosmic terrors live in rites
And ceremonies; Scripture cites,
In allegory, much that we
Find proved by our astronomy.
To guard this, secrecy was used.

344

Both " Testament " and " Covenant "
The same thing mean, learning must grant.
The meaning of both words is seen
Where ecliptic and equator co-vene.
Old Testament with the " Bull " began,
The " Fishes " date the " Son of Man."
The " Ram " of Exodus came between,
As from " Lamb's blood on door " is seen.
The " Man with Pitcher " soon we 'll chant!

345

Astronomy 's here in disguise,
Safe-guarded for the good and wise.
The " Bull's " two thousand years outran
Long ere the Exodus began;
The tribes for " Calf " as symbol longed,
When Moses' absence was prolonged.
They little cared for calendar,
When from old home they were afar,—
And Aaron hearkened to their cries.

346

Christ-Horus in Egypt, when the Sun
Was in the " Bull," was full well known.
His reign when Sun was in the " Ram "
Still marks the seed of old Ab-ram.
His reign in " Fishes " (Fish-head mitre)
Marks Jesus' Church (may God unite Her!)
Christ's word (through Jesus) ponder o'er;
" E'en Abraham I AM before! "
Three times two thousand years thus run.

347

From dying " Lamb," year twenty-nine,
The " Fish of Jonah " is the sign
Of Son of Man and God's own Son.
To A. D. twenty-one eighty-one.
Then Jesus can't supplanted be
For *once for all* He set men free,
Revealing unto common eyes,
The temple's ancient mysteries
With sacrament of Bread and Wine.

348

" Sweet-Light " M. Arnold was reverent, wise.
Yet Christianity in his eyes
Was far too " local," far too " small "
To stand for faith including All.
" 'T is something we can't do *without*
" Nor *with*," he cried, perplexed with doubt.
Such thought " Surf Lines " would seem to meet,
And Jesus, the Christ's true faith repeat,
Whose depth and breadth may well surprise.

349

The Holy Church of ancient time
To initiates gave her truths sublime.
The simple folk received the truth
In tales impressive e'en to youth.
The Christian Church did long maintain
Her secret Order, to explain
The mysteries of the Church on earth
To men of wisdom and of worth,—
That order was suppressed by crime!

350

Where Higher Critics, to a man,
Now end, Initiates once began.
Our Higher Critic is *de*structive
Just where Initiates were *con*structive.
Since opposites we bi-une reckon,
Both " structive," these two form one *de-con.*
Yet " deacons " now are seldom wise
Enough to see truth with *two* eyes,
As in the ancient Church's plan.

351

The Temple, in Time's mutations, failed
To keep alive its wisdom veiled.
Lest priceless things should be forgot,
Their *letter* was held by the bigot;
For bigotry, like arsenic,
Though fatal to what 's alive or quick,
Yet dead forms age-long doth preserve.
'T is thus, to times that may deserve,
Great truths through ignorant times have sailed.

352

Wrong-wise explained, the truth of creeds
Wrong-wise upheld yet helps soul's needs.
To prove wrong explanations wrong,
But helps the truth of creeds along.
Traditions, ignorant, swept away—
Creeds' metaphysic 's clear as day.
E'en matter's formulas surprise,
As much as creeds, unlearned eyes.
All symbols' value lies in deeds.

353

" I know what Christians print in ink,
But what, as Christian, do you think? "
Thus said to me a Jew one day.
" 'Twixt Christ and Buddha, tell I pray,
The diff'rence!" Theosophist did ask.
Thus I attempted " Surf Lines' " task,
That some weeks' effort now has cost.
Or I have won or I have lost,
'T was pleasure at Thought's springs to drink.

354

The East shows less of what man can,
Thus more of instinct, less of plan.
  Compared with what the animal does,
  Man little power o'er body shows.
  Low forms of life replace limb, head,
  Whose loss leaves man or maimed or dead.
  Man matter rules in external things,
  From wood and steel evolves *his* wings.
Here Christian nations lead the van.

355

The Orient teems with devotees
Who action 'numb with philosophies
  That float them high o'er all that creeps
  In inert Matter's ocean deeps.
  Over against these *Argonauts*,
  Alcyonaria tempt our thoughts.
  Ind's *nautili* drift life away,
  Christ's " coral workers " build each day
Cathedral isles defying seas.

356

Faber's " Origin of Idolatry "
(No matter what his theory)
  Full copiously doth facts recite
  That show all Faiths first had one rite.
  'T is clear, now, Egypt's Lodge was first,
  And there the mysteries were rehearsed
  Which offshoot Lodges thence did show
  In India, Thibet, Mexico.
At one originally all we see.

357

Why did they build Great Pyramid?
"In others, mummied kings were hid;
Ergo, they piled Great Pyramid's stones
To house a royal pharaoh's bones" (!)
Such reasoning, if one dare risk,
As well explains the obelisk!
My obelisk-thermometer,
Shows it gnomon of *astronomer?*
"Heat measuring was obelisk's purpose, hid" (!)

358

Mere novice in Masonic rites
In Pyramid's tubing clearly sights
Initiation's galleries
Combined with reference to the skies.
Intent to make men good *and* wise
Is plainly shown to knowing eyes!
Piazzi Smyth's discov'ries stand;
His "views" wide credence can't command—
The theme far deeper search requites.

359

When Lodges became separate,
Their work did differentiate.
In Thibet, Catholic missioners found
So much that stood on Christian ground
That, lest th' unlearnèd it perplex,
Th' "Report" was placed on the *Index*
Expurgatorius, so-called—
(In Purgatory 't will be recalled!)
Time was not ripe to see things straight.

360

Ind's Chrishna 'rose from Lodge antique
Whose source (like that of Mysteries Greek)
Was Great Initiation's pile,
Still viewed at Gizeh on the Nile.
Nor Egypt's Christ, nor Chrishna, shows
O'er plainly in what daily goes
Along in trade or politics,
Where greed and cunning intermix;
But Buddhist nations have proved weak.

361

The public things that most displease
Concern life's externalities.
That 't is not feathers make the bird,
Is homely saying often heard.
'Twixt Buddhist and Christian there 's within
A diff'rence deeper far than skin.
That diff'rence plainly shows to eyes
When we compare philosophies;
Buddhism shuns life's activities.

362

The East has never wanted time
In which to work out arts sublime;
Yet logic, and astronomy,
Geology and chemistry,
In crumbled ruin mutely tell
Where East was left when Egypt fell!
While East slept, as in fairy tale,
Columbus, daring, hoisted sail—
And Newton, thought's vast heights did climb.

363

The West is learning from the East
To like what, home-bred, sore displeased.
Who but of late scorned Christian Lent,
To fast like yogi now's intent;
Who 'd not let Church curtail his pleasure
Takes Hindu abstinence without measure.
(Thus, New York wedding near "went to dickens"
When ship came late with *foreign* chickens
Which, *only*, could give zest to feast!)

364

What 's foreign to us need not be best!
The East is yielding to the West.
The East vast views of soul supplies
Which West will focus for Eastern eyes.
When West doth Eastern thought digest
'T will pay East back with interest—
The West ne'er lacked essential truth.
The hoary East renews its youth
In Western garb becoming dressed!

365

The East is wondrous to Western eyes—
She hypnotizes serpent-wise.
Though East naught practical devise,
From West she all her wants supplies.
Her calm wins reverence, she takes our coin,—
Our scriptures to her own doth join,
But should she take in all the West
'T is sure the West she 'll ne'er digest—
She 'll conquered be by her own prize!

366

There 's peril to superior race
When, by inferior, it would trace
  Out higher concepts of the soul
  Than lie in its own sacred scroll.
  East can't, like West, high thought condense,
  Though, spread out thin, East's looms immense.
  The truth set forth in Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
  The words of Jesus sum up neater—
Nor can *neglect* His words efface.

367

Egyptian theosophy doth teach:—
"Throughout all spheres' remotest reach,
  From low to high no good doth rise,
  'T is high to low all good supplies."
  Hence highest faith that we can find
  Extant in Western civilized mind—
  To that faith *we* should loyal kneel,
  Defend and from it seek our weal.
What West's achieved, West 's faith doth preach.

368

By fruit it is we know good tree;
Means to good end my faith must be.
  From doubt and trial no relief
  Is found but in a fixed belief.
  Who fails to fix belief in aught
  Will nothing sow, and so reap naught.
  What, with whole heart man believeth true,
  That faith for him will wonders do
To strengthen, hearten, make him free.

369

No man can build faith from the first,
He 'll die before he 's slaked his thirst!
  Who from faith's framework dares cut loose
  Naught universal will produce.
  Hold fast to trunk of ancient tree;
  Thus anchored, enjoy liberty.
  Improve, with zeal, your theory
  Of source and end of what you see,
But crave not all to see reversed!

370

Doth someone ask: "But where start in?"
Why not where life you did begin?
  Your father's creed is in your blood—
  In many ways that makes for good;
  But heed all promptings of your soul
  Toward better place to serve the whole.
  If all "field-service" you deem rash,
  Judiciously contribute cash—
Though Satan most fears priest who 's thin!

371

In Bhagavad-Gîtâ, "One" and "Two,"
Man's duty to his *kin* we view.
  In "One," Arjuna doth describe
  The ills of war 'twixt tribe and tribe:
  "With loss of tribe goes loss of faith
  And family ties, too, face their death."
  In "Two" doth Chrishna make reply:
  "Whate'er exists, though slain, can't die;"
"*When your caste calls, your duty do!*"

372

" 'T is not things outward make the Jew;"
The same 's of Christian, Buddhist, true.
What makes one weak, another strong,
Doth not at last to blood belong.
Of outer turmoil naught is found
When Ocean's deepest depths we sound.
What underlies the Saxon will
E'er 's proved the strongest, proves so still.
Enduring things are hid from view.

373

Lo! Egypt's geometric *Angles* go
With *Saxons* (" Isaac-sons ") to and fro;
For work of *Saxons* (Stone men) blends
With lofty geometric ends.
E'en Jacob's pillow, formed of stone
Still 's held by Anglo-Saxon throne.
The Anglo-Saxon *spirit 's* stood
Age-long, despite mixed strains of blood.
Soil, spirit and speech stamp race, we know.

374

To Jew, Christ Macrocosmic lies
Enthroned above all suns in skies.
Sometime in splendor, He, as King,
Millenial glory to earth will bring.
To Christian, such as St. Clement,
" *Not being cosmic,*" Jesus went
'Mong men " *as cosmic,*" thus to show
How men God's Christ, within, may know.
Each, Jew and Christian, t' other implies.

375

If God as *object* you would view,
Remark the science of the Jew.
  Jehovah, central, doth command,
  Circumferent th' Elohim stand.
  Diameter's ratio to circle lies
  Personified here in the skies.
  Music—Subjective Christian art—
  Makes man feel God within the heart;
The truth that Jesus did renew.

376

Bi-unity (though sore abused!)
'Twixt Jew and Christian's un*con-fused.*
  The Christian Bible is the tether
  That binds the two for aye together.
  The Testaments, both Old and New,
  Unite these opposites in one view.
  Though strife o'er " Christ in Man " 's not done,
  In music we 're already one,—
True music ne'er true souls *a*-mused.

377

Both Moses and Aaron in Egypt learned
The Temple wisdom that in them burned.
  The *Karast* (or Christ) Whom well they knew,
  As Adon, the Bible brings to view.
  Though Jew fought Jew in days of old,
  As Christians have fought wars untold,
  'T is ever goods or politics
  O'er which his faith man contradicts
With hand against his brother turned.

378

The Revelation Jesus made
Occult Egyptian truth displayed.
In fundamentals, now we see
That Hindu and Jew with Egypt agree,
Though thought of different type of mind
Developed by Jew and Hind' we find.
James and Peter by Jerusalem stood,
While Paul Egyptian thought reviewed.
Initiate Gnostics a rôle here played.

379

A link 'tween Jew and Egyptian lies
In what Jews learned from Babylon's wise.
E'en Zoroaster we may see
Outcropping in the Pharisee.
The Christian Fathers admitted, free,
Their debt to Greek philosophy.
The Sibylline Books showed time was ripe
For synthesis of a new stripe.
Crass ign'rance alone this truth denies.

380

Converted, Paul's great synthesis
Embraced truths hid or held amiss.
Hence Paul, as at Jerusalem viewed,
By Peter was " hardly " understood.
Much that now seems Patristic juggle
Was but amalgamation's struggle.
In midst of all the verbal strife
Men died the death, men lived the life,—
True Christian faith was shown in this.

381

To Buddhist the Ideal 's the Real,
The Real alone 's the Jew's Ideal.
To Jew Christ comes but seen by eyes
With fire and trumpet in the skies.
Yet if God's Reflex fills the sky
His glory must within *us* lie.
Reflections of man's mind and soul
Show how *each man* reflects the Whole.
Within, without, All 's One, we feel.

382

What 's truly Real is e'er Ideal,
The true Ideal alone is " Real."
Material " realities "
Involve mind in perplexities.
Though Christian, Jew and Buddhist fight
'T is but as blinded by the Light.
They shield their eyes with colored glasses
And bray o'er colors like dull asses.
To I AM, " Light of World," all kneel.

383

'Tween Protestant, Jew and Catholic,
The difference pierces to the quick.
Yet some are parts and One 's the whole—
What 's One, each answers to his soul.
No part may say to other, indeed,
" Of thee " (as Paul writes) " I 've no need."
Who some religion has, at least
In that doth differ from dumb beast.
This rose bright blows 'mid thorns that prick.

384

To make Religion's orchestra,
Forms most diverse together play.
Though differing widely in His sight,
The Leader will have all play right.
Thus e'en the sound of fetish drum
Thrills woods with sense of things to come.
Some forms stand near, some far from Throne,
The ensemble 's heard by God alone
In Man's devotions, night and day.

385

Enough of externalities,
Affinities and differences!
With clear eye let us strive to see
What Jesus has done for humanity.
He stopped priest's shambles and the suttee—
From blood-stained rites hath set man free.
For Home, State, Faith, though Christians fight,
To kill 's not worship, e'en when right.
War more humane grows by degrees.

386

Where reeking altar once did rise,
The holy spire points to the skies.
Where gongs once drowned stark horror's yells,
Now chime the sweet-toned Sunday bells.
By suffering, still, redemption 's won,
But death to sin doth now atone.
He who on Calvary bled and died,
Hath stayed long ages' bloody tide.
Now justice sees with mercy's eyes.

387

From prehistoric times has come
To us full many a precious crumb
  Prepared all minds to appetize,
  And thenceforth, silently make wise.
  At history's dawn we see all wrecked
  That once was framed truth to protect.
  All India, Greece and Mexico
  Those ancient tales, distorted show,
Oft sensual, horrid, now become.

388

The " Aryan " inroad from the north
O'erturning all, destroyed the worth
  Of Egyptian tales that marked the birth
  Of civic order o'er all earth.
  Interpretation's key thus lost,
  Each tale survived but as the ghost
  Of former self. Then poets made
  Them into " legends " that displayed
Mere wit and fancy, from thenceforth.

389

'T was " Aryans " (Hewitt's " Myths " doth show)
Who dealt these tales the fatal blow.
  Their moral, scientific sense
  Was lost on " Aryan " mind, then dense.
  Great symbols, now personified,
  Became men, grossly magnified.
  To Plato, myth meant " wicked tale,"
  As Ingersoll thought Jonah's whale!
No fact as deep as myth can go.

390

Who minus whale, can't save his soul
That whale should surely swallow whole!
  Who 'd lose his faith for that one whale,
  In common-sense must surely fail!
  Meanwhile, astronomy doth show
  A meaning to that whale few know;
  " Cetus," with " Fishes " in accord,
  Doth mark the era of our Lord—
The star-groups speak, from pole to pole!

391

The Aryan " race " is a modern myth
Of which Philology 's the pith.
  But Abel's works have clearly shown
  Egyptian back of all tongues known.
  The opposites involved in thought
  Egyptian always forward brought.
  Thus, if we would make " fast " a horse,
  He may be whipped, or tied, of course:
Egyptian thought 's here shown forthwith.

392

That cleavers cleave, we know; but how?
Man " cleaves " to man, " cleaves " bough from
    bough.
  This philosophic speech exact
  Was once on Nile a living fact.
  In Sanscrit, too, Egyptian 's traced,
  But, as in Western tongues, defaced.
  Who knows Egyptian, ever feels
  All other speech " run down at heels."
Thought-fitting speech is outworn now!

393

Egypt, alone, preserved a thread
Of life in things elsewhere long dead.
When out of Egypt, God called His Son,
Recovery's work we see begun.
" Signs " hidden long from prudent, wise,
Were now revealed to suckling's eyes.
The suckling ne'er could grasp the whole,
But gladly heard what fed his soul,
And reverently received Life's Bread.

394

Some strongly hold the mind of child
Is by the Bible stories spoiled.
He who thinks thus quite plainly shows
How little he the child-mind knows.
Imagination is its joy,
Alike in play or talk or toy.
Full many noble lives have sprung
From Bible stories said or sung,
In childhood sweet and undefiled.

395

Imagination life inspires,
Ideals purify desires.
Man lives by law or else by love,
And love stands ever law above.
The statutes that the law enacts
Are based upon hard, cold, dry facts.
Love sees with optimistic eyes,
The soul of love in mercy lies.
Imagination feeds love's fires.

396

Man's understanding is the foe
Of what through reason he may know.
  Imagination is the friend
  And prop of reason to life's end.
  For reason never deems aught known
  Ere, clearly *imaged*, it is shown.
  A natural child e'er shows the mood
  To welcome images of good,
Nor asks if tale or toy be " so."

397

Who 'll make a child his Christmas keep
With Santa Claus banned from his sleep,
  We can't expect to keep his paws
  Off loftier forms than Santa Claus.
  May n't Goodness be personified
  When human pride is deified?
  The truths that in our bosom glow,
  How but by type shall others know?
With beast why see? With beast why reap?

398

" Of such is heaven's kingdom," said
The Christ, with hands upon the head
  Of little child. Through every stage
  Of evolution, to our age,
  Each body goes ere it is born,
  From 'Plasm to the ape we scorn.
  Should e'en a single link be lost
  The body maimed in life is tossed.
Thought, too, the historic path must tread.

399

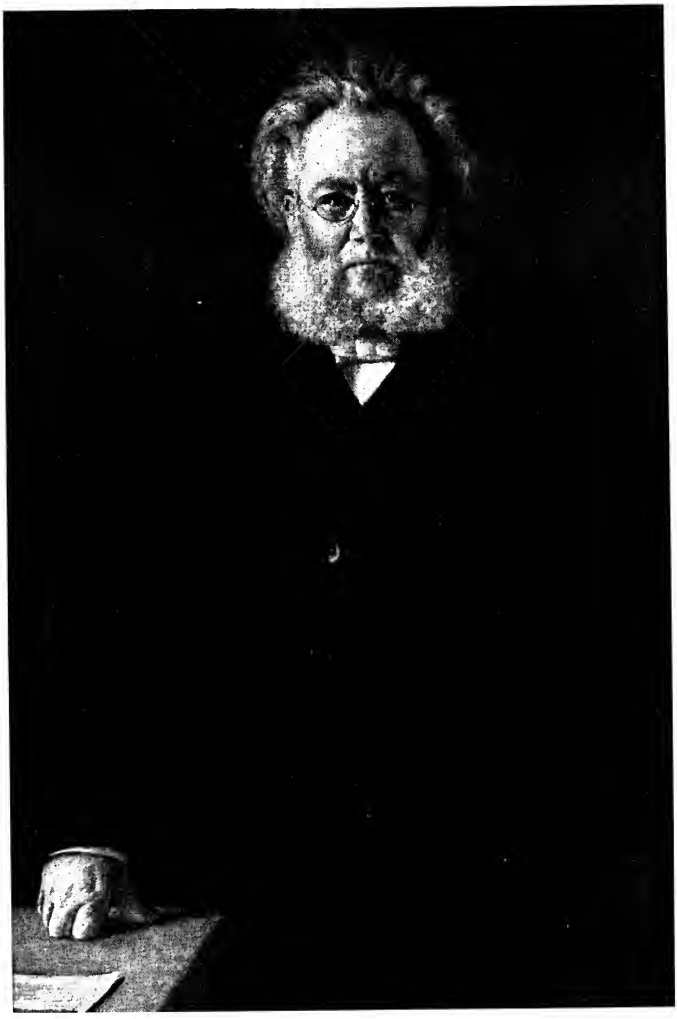
" As twig is bent the tree 's inclined,"
The feeling, in the child defined,
Who lacks, will later hardly find
Religion open to his mind.
All understanding stands aghast
Before the Unknowable so vast.
'Less understanding reason heed,
Reason can't help it in its need.
Reason and faith are intertwined.

400

Ripe Ibsen made a start, we know,
His Julian, Christ above, to show.
He sought the facts, and at the end
Chagrined e'en Archer, his strong friend.
This " Sagittary " deemed Ibsen weak
To thus find Christ, when he did seek
A pagan, to restore to earth
The things that make life living, worth.
Sad! Ibsen Archer did outgrow!

401

Eusebius's History shows
How Gospels and Epistles 'rose.
The Bible, holy men of old,
Did write as by God's Spirit told.
Lo! Virgil, Dante, Milton, all,
Upon the heavenly muses call.
Said Walter Scott, " I plainly see,
My best work 's done not *by, through* me—"
A truth that each great artist knows!



"Ripe Ibsen," author of "Emperor and Galilean."

402

The Power by which we food digest,
Shall it not help man think his best?
Call Bible but a fairy tale;
In writing it, did God's help fail?
'T was Spirit divined spirit's food,
To tame the fierce, refine the rude.
When heart is sick with all that 's real,
God's spirit shows man the Ideal,—
Man does his part—God does the rest!

403

Of Ewald, the critic, we are told,
(Though heretic him many hold),
New Testament he deemed most worth
For wisdom, of all books on earth.
Its spirit, he did warmly own,
Came straight to man from God's own throne.
He saw its letter did but kill;
He found its spirit living still,
And worthy to be writ in gold.

404

The Bible helps man's soul to thrive,
No " priestcraft " could such work contrive.
There 's warmth within its pages old,
Neglect it and the life grows cold.
'T is like an animal of earth
Whose fur alone is great in worth.
We prize the tales that make its skin,
But treasure most the life within—
Yet o'er its letter man will strive!

405

Its spirit is a tongue of fire,
Inspiring good and high desire.
It heeds the weak and comfort brings,
O'er mourner spreads the Almighty wings.
It bad men makes more wicked still,
Inflaming their own evil will.
They scoff at it with base delight,
And fling themselves in endless night,
Self-willed and poisoned through with ire.

406

'T is known that cultured man's best food
Is just what 's best for people crude.
The Bible still is just as good
As when the walls of Luxor stood.
There 's much that 's cooked to modern taste
In which the substance goes to waste.
Religion " superfine," like bread
Too white, but leaves man underfed;
By Hygiene, white bread is tabooed.

407

The songs of birds ofttimes come near
To what in music we may hear.
Yet bird songs never reach the art
That in man's music thrills the heart.
In human institutions, art
And nature widely are apart.
True manhood's plane surmounts the real,
And shapes all life by an ideal
From which, once felt, no soul can veer.

408

Pray read " Disciple of a Saint."
A Saint 's but one who 'll toil and faint
To help the world at large to feel
That the Ideal 's all that 's real.
Of matter, he who knows enough
Must doubt if it is even " stuff ";
For stuff, with vortex, hard connects,
Though science " stuff us " till it vex.
Queer sort of world doth science paint.

409

In truth, none live upon the real,
What each man does, shows his ideal.
Ideals live in idols strange,
From words to images, that range.
Unless we can the thought unfetter,
We idols make of word and letter.
Devout fools' folly often brings
Contempt on Signs of sacred things
Toward which high minds most reverence feel.

410

Truths Plato learned by study hard,
Are known to babes from sacred bard.
The study of the Bible shows
The height of all that reason knows.
Therein, in guise of simple tale
Time's cycles stand within a veil.
Each miracle shocks common-sense
To stir the mind to thought intense
On what it holds for man's regard.

411

'T is said, " Christ never trod a path
Through waters"; but, of human wrath
His power to tread the angry waves
Whose fury naught but goodness braves—
Of this, some men will nothing hear;
They will not heed such " fancies mere."
Their minds, like crooked glass, reflect
But what all must with scorn reject.
" Who hath not, loseth what he hath."

412

The score of heaven's harmony
Spread out in nightly sky we see,
In notes of gold on field of blue,
To him who reads, a rapturous view!
The ancients who the scheme did frame
To every star-group gave a name,
That deathless writing doth record
The story of our Blessèd Lord.
To such high theme approach now we.

413

O Virgin Pure, mysterious shrine
Whence issued once radiance divine,
Celestial type of motherhood,
By man adored, not understood!
But for what 's shadowed forth in thee
God's thoughts ne'er had reality
Put on, nor had creative act
E'er realized those thoughts in fact,
And caused the starry orbs to shine.

414

Pure Virgin! Through eternity
Thou " star of heaven " and earth's blue " sea,"
The honey, thou, that Samson found
In Leo's carcass to abound.
The riddle of the Egyptian Sphynx
Grows clear to him who deeply thinks
Of one whose veil no mortal raised,
As Victoress over Leo praised,
And Mother of the Sun we see.

415

Celestial matrix whence came forth
Through chaos fallen from the north,
The Daystar with His healing ray
To renovate the earth for aye!
From thee we learn that God is not
In gravel drift, but sunshine sought.
Geology confirms the story, Lord!
On high writ in Thy starry Word—
Most ancient record of our earth.

416

To " Evolution " there 's mystery
In what happ'd " *Just 'fore history.*"
'Neath same conditions, as they 'd evolved,
All huge mammalia and birds resolved
To naught in era Pleistocene.
(When, after chaos, on the scene
Lo! Adam steps forth to begin,
Outside " lost Eden," fight to win
His daily bread with drudgery.)

417

Had ruin covered *half* the earth,
Then, glacial theory had worth.
But since, at once, 't was everywhere,
This explanation melts in air.
So, now, some think *men* shot all dead
With weapon known as arrowhead.
To this antiquity replies;
Men, too were shot by *flints from skies,*
That riddled earth from out the north.

418

The Peruvian " Field of Ages " shows
How thousands perished from *like* blows.
Each skull was punctured at the top
By piece of flint that naught could stop.
Peruvian legend old did tell
How, " At review, an army fell
Before the very Inca's eyes,
Struck down by flints from out the skies,"
Thus fact with " legend " ever goes.

419

Lo! now in Anglia, East, they find
Skull prediluvian of man refined.
Men's bones fixed fast to roof of caves
Show they were swept within by waves;
Woods petrified with nuts on trees
Prove Wreck with Hallowe'en agrees;
The roar of matter earthward thrown
Still thunders in church-organ tone;
Thus sense of symbols is divined.

420

Though e'en the Church has long forgot
What made Job's " sea boil like a pot,"
'T is shown by geologic talk
When science would account for chalk;—
" 'T was formed when *icebergs once did freeze*
And float around in boiling seas!"
Himself a type of World, Job lies
In boils and ashes 'fore our eyes.
Prove "Job" ne'er lived—his Book dies not!

421

Said Cuvier, " Geology
In records of the rock doth see
That some five thousand years ago
The earth received a body blow."
And Alfred Russell Wallace, too,
In " World of Life " brings to our view
How sudden ruin once befell
All life, as it was prospering well.
" The fact still seeks its theory." (!)

422

Read " Revelation." There revealed
Initiations are, concealed
From generations and from ages,
But now disclosed in sacred pages.
The Pleistocene catastrophe
Sublimely figured here we see.
With Revelation we should read
" Descent to Hell " in the Aeneid.
By such rites wisdom's sons were healed.

423

The ritual, Revelation gives;
In Gospel and Epistle lives
The moral teaching, as deduced
From spectacles in Lodge produced.
More Pleistocene details are found
In Isaiah, Joel, Amos t' abound.
Read in past tense, their pictures seem
But touches faint, of their grand theme;
What ruin fallen man survives!

424

(The " Waw Conversive " theory
Beclouds all, here, with mystery.
By it, where prophet *past* tense used,
Translated, future 's introduced.
And so for prophets' " It hath been,"
" It shall be " everywhere is seen.
From facts of *past* recalled to view
The prophet future lessons drew.
No *past* is *future* history!)

425

(And lo, a modern mystery!
In " Pilgrim's Progress," history
Shows Bunyan somehow had recovered—
Two hundred years ere 't was discovered!
The ritual of Egypt's " Book of Dead."
In Gypsy camps ofttimes, 't is said,
The Tinker with Gypsies did converse
And long-forgotten things rehearse,
Which they preserved in memory.)

426

A Jew, agnostic, said to me;
" Naught great but great men can I see."
Who follows this into the skies
Sees Christ, Sun of our souls arise.
In every mortal man is shown
That God and Man, through Christ, are One—
Though differing vastly in degree,
In Essence One eternally.
To live this saves man, sets him free.

427

Spectrum analysis doth show
In stars above what 's here below.
'T is thus we study man to find
What 's in the universal mind.
In our own consciousness we see
Reflected there the Trinity
Of Subject, Object and the One
Proceeding both from " Father, Son."
Thus God 's not far from us, we know.

428

" An honest man 's God's noblest work "?
From this true reverence must shirk.
" An honest God 's Man's noblest work "—
Herein true Christian faith doth lurk.
Earth's nights turn all things upside down,
As was in the Dark Ages shown,
When 'fore God distant bowing knee,
Thus Christianity we see
Her base, " To God through Man " invert.

429

" Abammon," Egyptian priest, thus taught:
" The errors of a thing are naught.
To rightly judge of anything
Its weakness do not forward bring;
Do not from failures judge an art,
Or aught in which weak man has part;
God's Essence He to man supplies—
Man's inexpertness don't despise.
The sacred symbols work without thought!"

430

" For errors all in theurgic technique
Blame influences inferior, weak.
Superior knowledge shows real being
While ignorance sinks down to non-being.
Man's place upon the spiritual plane
He shows by what he may retain
Of holy Light and holy Air
Invoked within the House of Prayer,
When we illumination seek."

431

When Porphyry asked the use of prayer,
Abammon answered thus with care:
" Prayer fans our spark of Being Divine,
Which then would fain its great Source join;
By prayer we 're to communion led
With the All-Power and spiritually fed.
Despite our human imperfection
We then share the Divine Perfection,
And thus inbreathe celestial air."

432

" The restless Greeks e'er innovate
And without ballast, fluent prate.
  Egyptians were the first of men
  Allotted the Divine to ken.
  The divine nature doth not change—
  Hence rites accept naught new or strange,
  But aye retain the archaic word
  In which the faith at first was heard,
For something 's lost when we translate."

433

" The Egyptian discipline leads the soul
To the Creator of the All,
  The One, the Good, in whom we see,
  On one side the Divinity,
  On the other our humanity,
  The two combined in unity;
  Divinity 'fore Thought subsists
  But in unity with man exists."
Abammon thus summed up the whole.

434

A genius wrote the Hamlet play,
To him we proudly reverence pay.
  Who acts the melancholy Dane
  He too, our homage deep may gain.
  But what of Calvary's tragedy?
  The Drama of all history!
  Can man from Hamlet wisdom learn,
  And JESUS not cause his heart to burn?
Alas! So runs the world, they say.

435

Three holy kings of magic came
Once to a Babe in Bethlehem.
When called from Egypt, He 'd learned well
What Temple doctors could not tell.
He perfect was, e'en to the loss
Of His dear life upon the cross.
Thus " Christ-ened," unto Him was *given*
A name o'er all in earth or heaven—
Now millions bow before that name!

436

His Soul, one was, with God the Father,
Each man on earth He called his brother.
He named us " Branches of the Vine."
And with us supped on Bread and wine—
His " Body and His Blood," He said,
As wrath of man broke on His head.
A Judas realized His fears,
And Peter fought, and shed hot tears.
Like to this Man was e'er another!

437

Though Jesus persecution knew
At hands of Roman and of Jew,
He never thought or knew or felt
Worse pain than Inquisition dealt.
God's Christ reveals to man Our Father
And shows each man to all as brother.
Whoe'er with malice gives distress,
Him Christ 'fore God will ne'er confess.
By love Christ's Church Old Rome o'erthrew.

438

With Christ-in-God, to " sympathize,"
Impossible is to human eyes.
Great souls have often given life
Devotedly in deadly strife.
Of Jesus, shedding bloody tears,
No feeling mind indifferent hears.
God's Christ, in Jesus incarnate,
Sustained Him through His mortal state.
Thus Jesus, Way, Truth, Life supplies.

439

The Words of Jesus face us still;
He came (as Lord Christ) *to fulfill.*
The " clay and spittle," was not His,
'T was used by priests of Semiramis.
The " Heart of Virgin pierced by sword "
Like Easter, comes from Astarte's Word.
Our Protestant Testament at home
Holds much we " heathen " see in Rome!
Thus, strain at gnats, men ever will.

440

E'en " El " Osiris (L'azarus)
Though then deemed dead (as now by us),
But slumbered, to our dear Lord's eyes,
Who loved him, wept and bade him rise.
Then Jesus prayed not for God's ear,
" But that those standing by might hear."
Not oft His kingdom's mysteries
Did Jesus thus show to common eyes,—
'T was with disciples He 'd them discuss.

441

Old Testament in Adon doth Christ disclose,
Through Jesus, man the Father knows.
St. Paul (once by Gamaliel taught)
Returning from Arabia, brought
Word what he 'd found " for ages hid;
Christ, glory's hope, Gentiles amid."
Eusebius says Christ oft did appear
When earth was o'erwhelmed with fear—
" *In form of man God's Christ then shows.*"

442

O Church of Christ, thou river vast,
Whose waves shall flow while Time doth last,
Thy mighty current yet doth pour
Through the same channels as of yore.
Thy waters bear bright golden sands
Through many climes and many lands,
And e'en have overflowed their bounds
In many pools on alien grounds,
Both now and in all ages past.

443

In thee the continuity
Of noblest human thought we see.
Kingdoms and peoples come and go,
Their mind and soul through thee we know.
As now thy sons love one another,
So each must love his ancient brother.
Both Time and Space thou dost remove,
And bind all ages fast in love.
Thou art the flower of history.

444

From east to west, from pole to pole,
The Bread of Life thou feed'st the soul.
Thou bind'st us to our loved ones gone
To that bright realm where God 's the Sun.
By rite and ceremony, still,
Thou dost inspire the human will
With love of God and love of man,
As ancient holy men did plan,
Inspired by God's light in the soul.

445

O Church of Christ! Through ages past
Man's frailties over thee have cast
A smoke and pall of ignorance,
That hardly left to thee a chance.
But this best proves Christ's promise sure,
That, built on rock, thou shalt endure;
For now again thou dost emerge
Full able to withstand the surge,
While human rage 'gainst thee shall last.

446

There never was a time when all
Mankind would hearken to thy call;
No age such millions saw as now
With reverence before thee bow.
Internal diff'rences and strife
No longer peril human life.
More Christ-like Christians live each day
In faith that God wrongs will repay.
Now, pagan empires yield or fall.

447

O Holy Church! Thou witness, true
Of all the best, man ever knew;
By creed and form and mystic rite,
Floating high truths through darkest night;
The simplest child who follows thee,
At one with sage and seer may be;
And sweet and pure through life may go,
With conscience clean as driven snow,
And spirit bathed in heaven's dew.

448

We love thy altar and thy dome,
Thy lectern, with the sacred tome;
Thy lofty arch and buttressed pile,
Thy storied panes and hallowed aisle.
A Presence high is surely felt
By all who have devoutly knelt
Communing with the God within
Our very soul, His grace to win.
'T is here the soul finds her true home.

449

Eternal God! We worship Thee
Though veiled to sight in mystery.
The sole reality we know
Behind this fair world's fleeting show.
The Essence of all Being, Thou,
Whence Conscious Life through Time doth flow
Throughout all Space or far or near;
'Fore whom we bow in love and fear;
We live and move and breathe in Thee.

"A Presence high is surely felt
By all who have devoutly knelt—"

450

Eternal Son of God, His Word
In Thee, incarnate, blessèd Lord!
  Who patiently did'st suffer all,
  Before Thee on our knees we fall.
  Within each heart, Thou, Christ, dost dwell—
  Its Lord (if heaven), its Judge (if hell).
  Thy teaching shows us how we may
  Resist all evil, day by day,
If we but speak Thy mighty Word.

451

O Holy Ghost! in substance One
With God the Father, God the Son,
  Thy emblem is the brooding Dove,
  Thy witness in our hearts is Love.
  'T is peace on Thee, within, to rest
  With faith of nursing child at breast.
  Babe asks not what, or whence the force,
  It simply prays and seeks the source.
O crush our pride ere life is done!

452

Great Triune God! all thinkers see
Where'er there 's thought, there 's One in Three.
  Philosophy doth naught else teach
  Than what The Faith puts in our reach.
  Our conscious self Thou leavest free;
  Subconsciously, we live in Thee.
  Let not our souls lose liberty,
  Self-severed from the psychic sea
Whose waves roll evermore in Thee!

Valedictory

Of Abammon the Egyptian to Porphyry

"I pray all holy angels to bestow upon me and thee the unchanging safeguard of true conceptions; and likewise to implant in us forever the everlasting truth, and to provide for us a participation of more perfect conceptions in relation to the Divine Being, in whom the most blessed consummation of all things good is set before us."

Bibliography

The modes of subconscious evocation and spiritual illumination used in the sacred (*i.e.* secret) rites are shown in Jamblichus, "On the Egyptian Mysteries" (translated by Dr. Wilder). Genuine and counterfeit arts of healing (white and black magic) are described in Ennemoser's "History of Magic." The further bibliography of "Surf Lines" is supplied by the Bible, read here attentively but simply as an epic, as one reads the "Iliad," "Æneid," "Divine Comedy," and "Paradise Lost"; Eusebius' "Ecclesiastical History"; Haldane's "Pathway to Reality," Spencer's "First Principles of Philosophy," and the works of Hegel, Schopenhauer, A. R. Wallace, and Bergson.

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